HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

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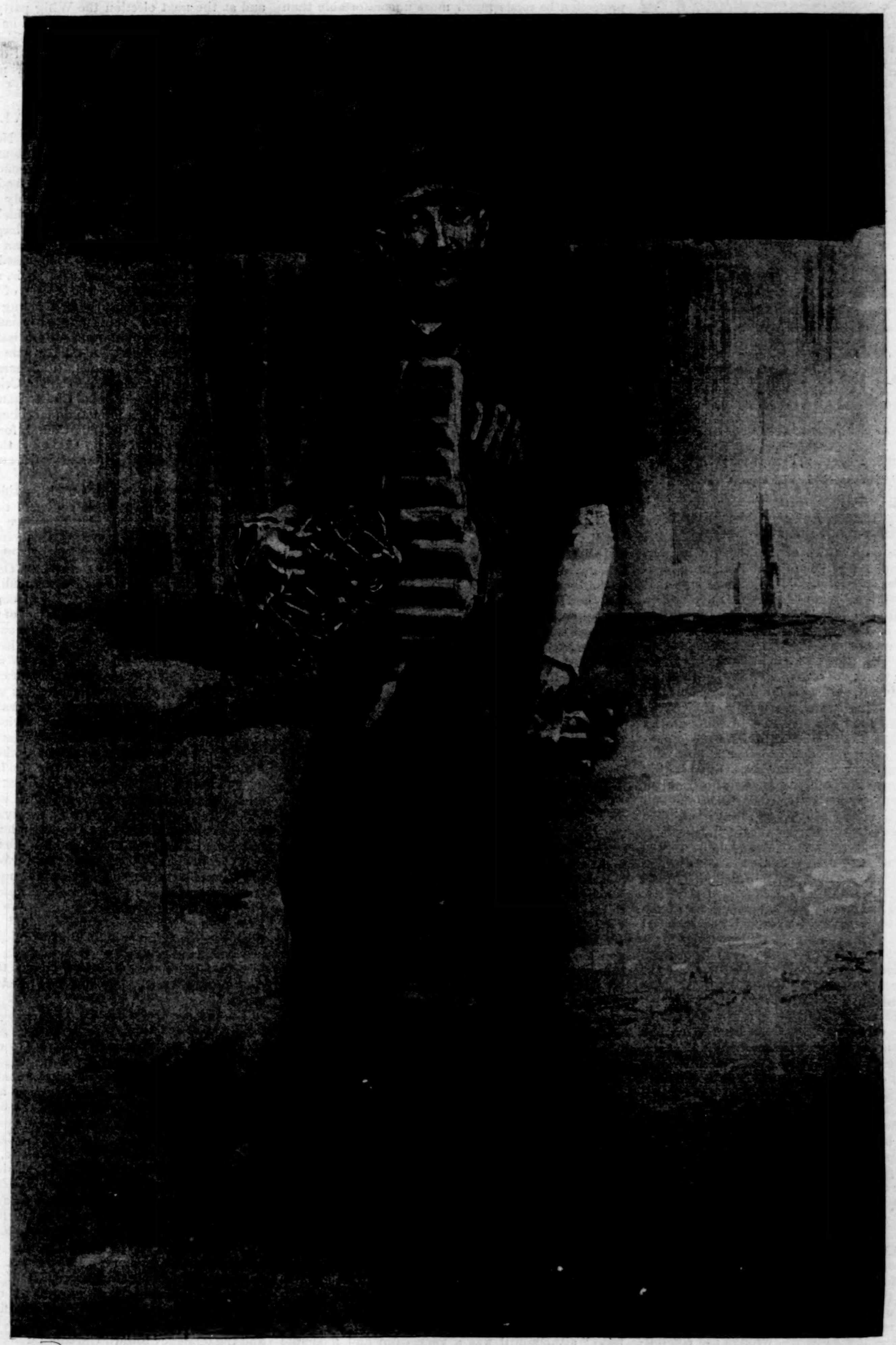

WILLIAM EWING, CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK BASE-BALL CLUB.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 899.]

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NATIONAL REGULATION OF CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

AMONG the possibilities of the approaching session of Congress is the proposal of a law to regulate Congressional elections. It is evident both that many members think that there ought to be such a law, and that they do not see what it should be. They are conscious of a wrong which should be righted, and the only way of righting which occurs to them is the passage of a law. But there are some other considerations worthy of attention. In the wise conduct of government, custom is a most important element. The English-speaking race has shown the greatest administrative faculty, and in communities of that race alone has popular or parliamentary government been successful, and no other is now conceivable among its various branches. But nothing is more characteristic than the deference of English statesmanship to custom. The habits, traditions, and even prejudices of the people are always carefully considered. In his capital paper in the *Independent* some time ago, Dr. WAYLAND, of Philadelphia, recalls the story of CHARLES FOX, who always asked, when any new public proposition was made to him, "What does Mr. JENKINS think?" and explained that Mr. JENKINS was a neighbor of his who represented the average Englishman, whose approval was essential for the success of the government. Now the American custom from colonial times has been local regulation of elections. This practice has been found to be best for the common welfare of the States, and has acquired the sanctity of uniform usage. A sudden and general reversal of this custom can be justified only by such certain and obvious benefits as will readily win general acquiescence.

Any law which is opposed to the general feeling and sentiment of a community will not be enforced, because the officers of the law will be conscious that they have not moral support behind them. General GRANT said that the best way to treat a bad law was to enforce it, because it would arouse the public to secure its repeal. But the remark does not apply to a law like the proposed national election law, because that could not be repealed by those who would oppose it most warmly. That it ought not to be opposed is a proposition which may be abstractly maintained. But it is not a practical argument. There is no question that the Constitution gives to Congress, and intended to give, discretionary power of making regulations in the States for Congressional elections. The question, therefore, is wholly one of expediency. Would it be well for the general welfare that Congress should regulate such elections? Undoubtedly in some Congressional districts wrongs are committed—voters are practically prevented from voting; votes are not counted. But is the best way of dealing with this situation to reverse the established traditions in every State, and to awaken the bitterest feeling toward the national government? And even if this should be done with the purpose of protecting honest voters, would they, after all, be protected?

The professed object of the law would be to enable every voter to vote freely and without fear. But could any law, however cunningly devised, have that effect? The theory is—for the law is intended to apply especially to the Southern States—that colored voters are now intimidated in some way. But would any law prevent intimidation? If every colored voter were escorted to the polls by a company of United States infantry with loaded muskets, would the intimidation be avoided? On the contrary, would not every colored voter who should avail himself of such protection be made much more uncomfortable than ever before, and would not the consciousness of that fact deter him from voting, so that the only practical result of the law would be violent local exasperation with national authority, enormous expense, increased local hostility to the colored voters as the cause of the law, without any compensating advantage whatever? If it should be asked whether the country ought to acquiesce in the suppression of a part of the vote in certain Congressional districts, the reply is that it ought not to acquiesce in any public wrong—which such suppression undoubtedly is—if it can devise a method which will probably correct it. But it ought also to understand that remedies must be adapted to actual situations, and that there are wrongs which no law can correct. The real objection to the proposed law for the national regulation of Congressional elections is that under the circumstances it would make the situation which it proposes to remedy worse, instead of improving it.

"SICK" OF HOME-RULE.

"A MEMBER of Parliament" who writes to the New York *Herald* says that the most sanguine Gladstonian must begin to see that there is no vitality in his cause. The correspondent says that the great body of Englishmen do not believe in home-rule, and distrust a party which stakes all its future upon it. There is no desire, he thinks, to break up the ancient Parliament into half a dozen fragments, and, the correspondent adds, "they are sick to death of the whole Irish controversy, and of all who take part in it." The member of Parliament, we believe, is an independent Tory. He has an unusually hearty word for Mr. BRADLAUGH, the Radical, as perfectly honest and direct—a man who cannot be cajoled or bullied into any discreditable transaction, and who has lived down the enormous prejudice which greeted his entry into the House. The point of the member's comment on the political situation in England is the remark we have quoted, that the English are tired of the home-rule agitation. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech at Southport, he says, fell perfectly flat. But apparently it fell flat not because he talked of the Irish question, but because he did not disclose his policy. Besides, the member must be aware that every agitation is sometimes wearisome, even to its friends. The case must be incessantly stated; the arguments iterated and reiterated; the facts constantly repeated. Public discussion is steady hammering until the spike is driven home and holds fast.

Public men and parties with distinct objects in view do not state their views and then stop. COBDEN and BRIGHT and the Corn Law League kept up a constant cannonade. If, after a little while, they had said that probably the country now understood their purposes, and had read and heard their arguments sufficiently, and they would now talk about something else, they would have thrown away their own victory amid universal derision, and the corn laws would have remained. Probably Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends do not agree with the member that the country is tired of the Irish debate. The member admits that the home-rulers may "snatch a seat here and there," but they make no permanent progress, he insists, and will not shake the Conservative position. But snatching a seat here and there shakes it, and if enough seats can be snatched, the Conservative position will be carried. There is certainly no evidence that the Tory strength is increasing; but, on the contrary, a snatched seat here and there, and the reduction of majorities when the Tories succeed, are not proofs of popular fatigue with the home-rule agitation. The clubs, it is said, and society, and all noted people, and "everybody you know," are opposed to Mr. GLADSTONE. But that is not news. They have been warmly opposed to him from the beginning. Yet they do not carry the by-elections.

Moreover, the Irish question remains to be answered, whatever may become of Mr. GLADSTONE. If it should be agreed that the English people are sick to death of the whole Irish controversy, it would, nevertheless, continue. There were times when there was dreadful sickness with the slavery controversy in this country. Mr. SEWARD was denounced for a speech which was called "a brutal and bloody manifesto," although it was a very calm and moderate statement of the facts. Mr. DOUGLAS was thought to sum up the matter very sensibly when he said that he was for the white man against the negro, and for the negro against the alligator. Lyceum lecturers were besought to omit all allusion to a subject of which everybody was tired and sick. But the lecturers who shunned the subject were shunned by the public. In England it would be found that the death of Mr. GLADSTONE is not the death of the debate. When this Parliament ends, the election for its successor will turn largely upon the Irish question. If the English are sick of it, and increase the Tory majority, the debate will be prolonged, but it will not end with the election. That is not the English way. It is not the American way. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, and FRANKLIN PIERCE was overwhelmingly elected, and the "slavery question was settled," it proved to be livelier than ever, and at the next election the Whig party had disappeared, and the antislavery sentiment had a party of its own. The Irish question is now fairly lodged in English politics, and it will be settled only when it is settled upon fundamental English principles of fair-play.

THE LATE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE late Episcopal Convention in New York attracted a great deal of interest and attention, and its proceedings showed plainly the difference of feeling and view which divides every large body of intelligent persons. In every such assembly there is the conservative and radical tendency, which inevitably finds occasion for expression. No large practical work, religious or social or political, can be proposed but there will be a differing view based upon these tendencies. The Episcopal Church is, as a whole, especially conservative. The charge of the English bishop of the last century to a young and ardent minister, "Above all things, no enthusiasm," is characteristic of the communion. In his last unfinished novel of *Edwin Drood*, DICKENS, in one of his finest passages, dramatically depicts this characteristic in describing the interview between Mr. Crisparkle, one of the clergy, and the Dean of Cloisterham Cathedral. It is a touch of the keenest and most chastened satirical humor. But it did not wound, for it was the Dean of Westminster who stood by the novelist's grave and praised his life and work and sufficient faith.

The extreme disposition on either side was moderated, as usual, in the final action of the late Convention. The proposal of the change of the title of the Church was not pressed this year, although three years ago there were some who believed it would be carried at this Convention. The opposition to this action is so able and commanding, and the change would be such a departure from the discretion which marks the general conduct of the Church, that the result is not surprising. In a community of many Protestant churches, differing less upon the essentials of faith than upon views of ecclesiastical organization, the sudden assumption of one to be the Church to the exclusion of the others would inevitably produce a discord for which there could be no adequate compensation. This is the view held by a great body of the most judicious divines of the Episcopal Church, and by its greatest preacher, PHILLIPS BROOKS, who states in a review of the late proceedings that his own denomination is surrounded by others of substantially the same faith, with which it should be content to labor for the advancement of the common purpose. On the other hand, the radical demand in the Convention for the spontaneous expression of religious emotion in forms for which the Prayer-book cannot provide was not sustained, but changes looking to a wider adaptation of the Prayer-book to special occasions were authorized. Here, again, Mr. BROOKS, the eloquent advocate of liberty in the Church, holds that "nothing would be more edifying than a prayer-meeting in which those present should pour out their religious thoughts and emotions in extemporaneous and unstudied utterances."

The old spectre of the Convention, the race question, reappeared this year. Formerly Mr. JAY was accustomed persistently and bravely to demand that differences of race should not prejudice the entire equality of every member of the Convention and the Church. This year colored clergymen and delegates asked to know definitely whether they would be recognized in every respect as in full fellowship in the worship, councils, and direction of the denomination. This request was referred to a committee, which made a majority and a minority report. This was unfortunate, because so simple and intelligible a question might certainly have had as simple an answer. The fact of two reports indicates that for some reason the statement of the majority was not wholly satisfactory to the minority. It was, as they said, insufficient and unsatisfactory. Indeed, Mr. BROOKS has expressed the hope that the spirit of the Church membership may be in advance of the official utterance of the Church. The desire for union of Christian work was warmly expressed in the Convention, and the tendency toward Christian union is disclosed in unexpected quarters. In a remote country village, at an agricultural meeting of a thousand persons this summer, the declaration of one of the speakers that in such a village neighborhood there should be but one Church was more immediately and warmly applauded than any other remark of the day. It was certainly a declaration in harmony with the spirit and practice of the early Christians.

A SIGNIFICANT JUDICIAL DECISION.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals in New York approving the constitutionality of the grain-elevating law seems to be in accord with a system of judicial encroachment upon the rights of property which is the subject of a pamphlet by Judge HOADLY recently published. It is a paper which was read last summer at the annual meeting of the Social Science Association, citing the various decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and of various State courts, which seemed to show a tendency of the courts to sustain legislation that, under the plea of the police power, interferes with the rights of private property, thus contravening the constitutional guarantee that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due course of law. This guarantee is of course subject to the supreme power of the community to defend the public safety, morality, and health, and under certain specific conditions to take private property for public uses by the right of eminent domain. These acts are in accordance with what the Court of Appeals describes as "principles which by the common law and practice of free governments justify legislative control and regulation." Does the regulation of charges for the use of private grain elevators fall fairly within these principles? This is the question which the Court of Appeals answers in the affirmative.

It bases the right of legislative interference in this case upon the general ground taken by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Chicago warehouse cases, that any property devoted "to a use in which the public has an interest" is subject to State control. Judge HOADLY in his pamphlet points out the necessary vagueness of such a description. The baker's business, indeed all business, may be included within it. The wise advice, "don't give a reason," was never more apt. To overcome an absolute, irremediable, and injurious monopoly, legislative interference may be necessary, but the necessity must be always conclusively established in every case. A general legislative authority to regulate every business "affected with a public interest" is State socialism of the most unquestionable kind. Judge HOADLY takes much of the oleomargarine legislation as an illustration of palpably unjustifiable interference with private property, and he commends the decision of the New York Court of Appeals that prohibition of the manufacture and sale of a harmless article like oleomargarine is an unwarranted interference with private business. The law which the same court has now affirmed provides generally that the charge for transferring grain from one place to another either by a stationary or floating machine shall be fixed at a specified rate.

This is probably the farthest stride yet made toward legislative control of private business. It is a very significant sign of the nationalistic tendency of the public mind. The law directs private owners who hold no special privilege from the public, and who have devoted their property to no public use to which all business is not devoted, to charge only a certain rate for its use. Judge PECKHAM, dissenting from the opinion of the court, says:

> "The legislation under consideration is not only vicious in its nature, communistic in its tendency, and, in my belief, wholly inefficient to permanently obtain the result aimed at, but it is an illegal effort to interfere with the lawful privilege of the individual to seek and obtain such compensation as he can for the use of his own property, where he neither asks nor receives from the sovereign power any special right or immunity not given to and possessed by every other citizen, and where he has not devoted his property to any public use within the meaning of the law."

The remedy for unjust laws is their repeal, so that if public opinion disapproves the judgment of the court, it will demand a repeal of the law. But if, upon a full knowledge of the facts, that opinion should not protest, but acquiesce in the judgment as satisfactory, the acquiescence may be accepted as a decided renunciation of the doctrine that the best government is that which governs least.

AN IMPORTANT VOTE.

AT the last meeting of the Committee on Site and Buildings for the World's Fair it was announced that a vote would be taken at the next meeting upon the exact boundaries of the site. This is understood to mean that a vote will be taken to decide whether any part of Central Park shall be included within the area for the Exhibition. It is undoubtedly wise to bring this question to a definite decision, because the contemplated possible use of the Park has proved to be a serious obstruction to the whole project.

It is therefore most desirable to put an end to the doubt, and to decide at once whether the contemplated contingent use of the Park shall be abandoned or not. It would be a great misfortune if the committee should persist in the original scheme. The opposition, which is as resolute as it is reasonable, would not and should not content itself with a protest. The Park can be taken only by a repeal of the law, and the repeal would be contested at every step. Meanwhile public sentiment in the city would be divided at the very moment when cordial unity is most desirable, time, when it is most precious, would be wasted, and the favor of Congress would be imperilled by the determined contest.

We trust, therefore, that the Committee on Site and Buildings will yield to so positive an expression of public opinion as has been made upon this subject. Its abandonment of the possible use of the Park contemplated would be a signal public service, because it would determine conclusively that Central Park is to be devoted exclusively to the purposes for which it was designed, and for which the people have paid so largely. The vote of the committee will either settle this point finally, or it will open the Park to the demand of every fair and show.

MR. BLAINE'S LETTER OF 1888.

THE *World* has published a letter from its correspondent in Italy detailing conversations with physicians in Milan and Florence who attended Mr. BLAINE in the winter of 1887–8. From this letter it appears that Mr. BLAINE came to Italy at that time through the St. Gothard tunnel, and upon his arrival at Milan was seized with an attack of paresis, or modified paralysis, of which the doctor in Milan took a cheerful view as a temporary illness, but which was regarded by the doctor in Florence as so serious that he advised Mr. BLAINE to decline any participation in the canvass for the Presidency, the excitement of which might be perilous. The correspondent states, however, that Dr. BALDWIN, the doctor in Florence, added that if the story were printed he should deny it.

He added, further, that, in his judgment, Mr. BLAINE had now recovered entirely, that the trouble was merely functional, and there was nothing whatever to prevent his leading a campaign if he were so disposed, which the doctor trusts will be the case. The account is published as an explanation of the Florence letter of January 25, 1888. But it does not accord with the statements of that letter. According to the letter in the *World*, Mr. BLAINE was taken ill at Milan on the 19th of December, 1887. He left for Florence on January 12, 1888, and he wrote the letter thirteen days afterward. But in the letter to Mr. JONES, chairman of the National Committee, Mr. BLAINE says, "I am constrained to this decision by considerations entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago"—that is to say, a year before the attack of illness.

If the account of an illness and the nature of it in the winter of 1887–8 be correct, it explains the prolonged mystery in regard to Mr. BLAINE's action at that time and the conflicting rumors of his health. There is nothing essentially improbable in the story, and after the fact of the illness, the important point is that the physician who advised him to withdraw from the canvass of 1888 now hopes that he will enter that of 1892.

A NEFARIOUS BUSINESS.

THE efforts in advance of the election to evade the law prohibiting political assessments upon public employés by extorting money from clerks in the departments at Washington have probably brought some agents at least within the grasp of the law. If this should prove to be the fact, the Civil Service Commission may be trusted to take vigorous measures to enforce the penalty. The law forbids every Senator, Representative, and all employés of the government to be concerned in any way in the nefarious business, and forbids everybody to undertake it in any public office or territory of the government.

The intent of the law is perfectly plain and perfectly fair. It is to protect every employé from solicitation which, under the circumstances, is equivalent to a command, under penalty of dismissal. Those who insist that all employments should be the spoils of victory, and that all persons who are appointed to place as partisans ought to be willing to pay for their good-luck in the form of assessments, should be willing to make the payment legally compulsory. Let the members of Congress, like Senators MANDERSON, INGALLS, and FARWELL, who hold the reform in profound contempt, agree upon a law requiring all employés appointed for political reasons to pay such percentages upon their salaries as may be assessed by local political committees. The opponents of reform ought to have the courage of their opinions.

One signal result of the agitation for reform is the general discredit legally cast upon this infamous system of extortion. The amount of money obtained by it has been seriously diminished, and the ingenuity of the law-breakers has been severely tried. Money is undoubtedly necessary for campaign expenses, but the amount honestly required is not large, and no man should be subjected to any kind of duress to contribute. Every man in the public service knows that money is needed for an election, and if he wishes to give money he will do so without an intimation which is virtually a threat. If he should be as free as others, under the assessment or "voluntary contribution" system he is practically coerced.

THE NOVEMBER "HARPER."

MR. WARNER's novel "A Little Journey in the World" is concluded in the November HARPER, and in a natural and striking manner. The vigor and vividness of the tale and its sustained interest are not its only or its chief merits. It is a study of American life of to-day pursued with shrewd insight and fidelity. The plot, or more truly the motive, is the influence and effect of the spirit and methods of characteristic American prosperity upon naturally pure and fine character, and the skill of the delineation and the justification of the effects delineated equally delight the reader. It is a story which will be an unconscious influence, and we commend it cordially to the reader.

The November number of the Magazine is full of interesting variety. Mr. WARNER's novel is well accompanied by Professor NORTON's illustrated paper on the building of the Cathedral of Chartres—one of those delightful scholarly essays which carry their own assurance of entire accuracy and completeness. Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON's "A Century of Hamlet," also charmingly illustrated, describes the most noted Hamlets who have been seen in New York, and is a paper of a kind which is always interesting. The "Mexican Army," by Mr. JANVIER, treats a neighboring but unfamiliar topic with ample knowledge and interest; and Mr. HAMILTON GIBSON's "Bird Notes," with its exquisite drawings, recalls the leafy choirs which are silent now, but which seem almost to sing again in Mr. GIBSON's pen and pencil.

To say that it is, in fact, the usual monthly feast which the untiring HARPER spreads for all comers is to speak its true praise. The coming Christmas number is announced, in which ABBEY begins his illustrations of SHAKESPEARE's comedies, with comments by ANDREW LANG; and some of the attractions of the next year's Magazines are told, among them a humorous serial story by ALPHONSE DAUDET, translated by HENRY JAMES—"a combination and a form indeed"—and a novelette by Mr. HOWELLS, with a thick-coming multitude of other "good things." Well may the publishers say, "Now is the time to subscribe."

PERSONAL.

A LONGFELLOW Memorial Park with terraces is nearly completed along Brattle Street, Cambridge, on the opposite side from the familiar yellow house which was the poet's home. This work is provided for by the Longfellow Memorial Association, and is under the direction of Messrs. WALKER & BEST, architects, and of Mr. CHARLES ELIOT, a son of President ELIOT, who makes the plan of the landscape. The little park is surrounded with a rock-faced wall, with cut granite caps, and to which the iron-work will soon be added. The terrace steps are constructed to lead from one level of the garden to another, the whole being of simple arrangement, but with further beautifying of the place in contemplation. A lovely view up the river is seen from these grounds, and probably an open loggia will at some time be erected here with ornaments in bass-relief. This construction will be somewhat of Florentine character, with a back wall receiving suitable statuary as ornament.

—Captain A. M. BISBEE, the senior delegate from China to the International Maritime Conference, was born in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. He chose the sea for a profession, and in the spring of 1868, when in command of a steam-ship on the coast of China, was offered by Sir ROBERT HART, the Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs of China, the post of Divisional Inspector of the southern section of the Chinese seaboard, which he accepted. In 1881 he was promoted to his present position of Coast Inspector of the entire seaboard of the empire, in which capacity his duties are both executive and advisory, as regards the establishment and maintenance of light-houses and other aids to navigation, and the conservancy of the harbors and approaches of the ports which are open to foreign trade.

—Mr. SWINBURNE, the poet, lives quietly at his modest home, "The Pines," on Putney Hill, between Wimbledon and Putney. He has auburn hair and blue eyes, and is of about middle height. His deafness, combined with a naturally retiring disposition, has made him much of a recluse, but he receives visitors pleasantly, and when warmed up in conversation, talks enthusiastically of his favorite authors.

—General THOMAS B. VAN BUREN, who died recently in San Francisco and was brought East for burial, was a nephew of President VAN BUREN, but had other claims for distinction than those of ancestry. He served with honor during the war, and President LINCOLN made him a Brigadier-General by brevet. General GRANT sent him to the Vienna Exposition as Commissioner-General, and finally appointed him Consul to Japan. His wife was Miss HARRIET SHEFFIELD, a daughter of the founder of the Scientific School at Yale.

—One of the spared monuments of changing administrations at Washington is Mr. LAWRENSEN, of the Post-office Department. He has sworn into office all the Postmaster-Generals and their subordinates since JACKSON's administration, superintends the annual publication of bids tendered the department for postal services and supplies, and, although eighty years old, rides back and forth daily from his home in Baltimore.

—A well-known Wall Street character, "the Razor-strop Man," has passed away. Not many years ago he had a big bank account, and was one of the boldest speculators of the street, but his property was swept away, and then he started a little street stand for the sale of razors, knives, scissors, and other cutlery, with a razor-strop of his own invention.

—SAMUEL WILKESON, once a well-known newspaper writer, and for many years Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, has recently been retired with a liberal pension by the company. He has written a great deal about the possibilities of the great Northwest, and has probably done as much as any other man to introduce this once unknown region to civilization.

—Ex-President CLEVELAND will not be able to vote at the coming election, a change of residence in moving from the Victoria Hotel to his new home on Madison Avenue having lost him the right.

—The late Mrs. CHARLES CROCKER, of San Francisco, left a fortune of about $10,000,000.

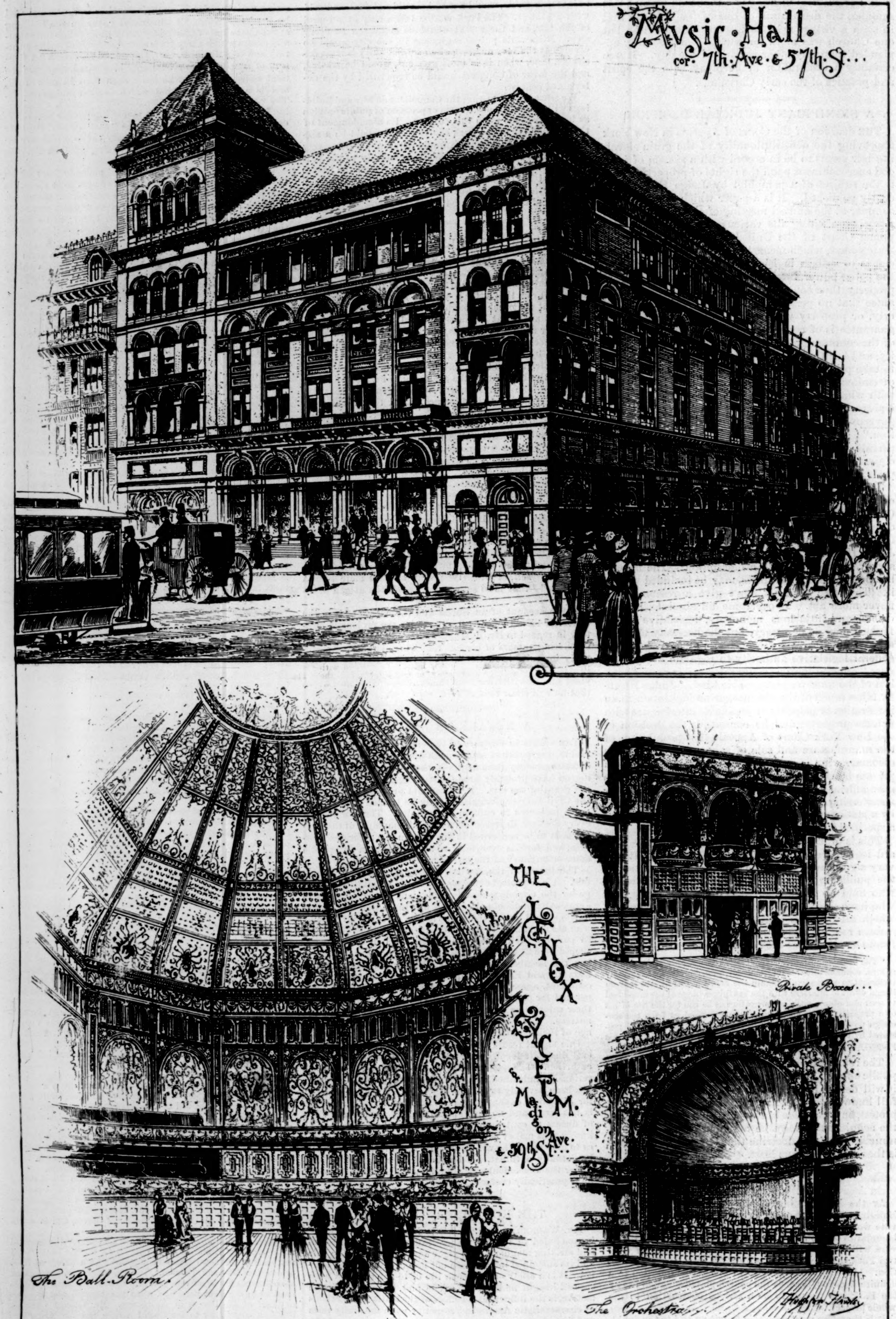
—Professor MATHER, one of the best-known members of the Amherst College faculty, has been forced to undergo a serious surgical operation which will incapacitate him for future active work. His retirement will be a serious loss to the college.

—GEORGE GOULD is an enthusiastic philatelist, and has one of the finest collections of postage-stamps in the world.

—The double salary which Senator INGALLS has drawn for several years as member and president *pro tempore* of the Senate at Washington will not be his any longer, as there is now a Vice-President of the United States to preside over the Senate.

—A full-length oil portrait of WASHINGTON was fished out of the garret of a Baltimore hotel the other day, and sold at auction for $10. It had several holes punched in it, and the purchaser was the object of much good-natured derision. The picture proves to be an original by GILBERT C. STUART, however, and is worth about $1000.

—Rear-Admiral JOHN G. WALKER, U.S.N., who will command the Squadron of Evolution soon to depart for Europe, has ordered that each of the new cruisers be supplied with a library of from one to two thousand volumes. Travels, biography, novels, and miscellaneous books of reference will replace the defective publications in use eight years ago, when the Admiral was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. Mr. THOMAS GIBBONS, U.S.N., a contributor to the *United Service* and the *Army and Navy Journal*, a trained journalist and the author of several works of travel, has in charge the accumulation of an elaborate library for the *Chicago*, which is the flag-ship of the squadron. Officers and enlisted men of the navy are looking forward with pleasure to the enjoyment of these literary facilities.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The Orchestra...
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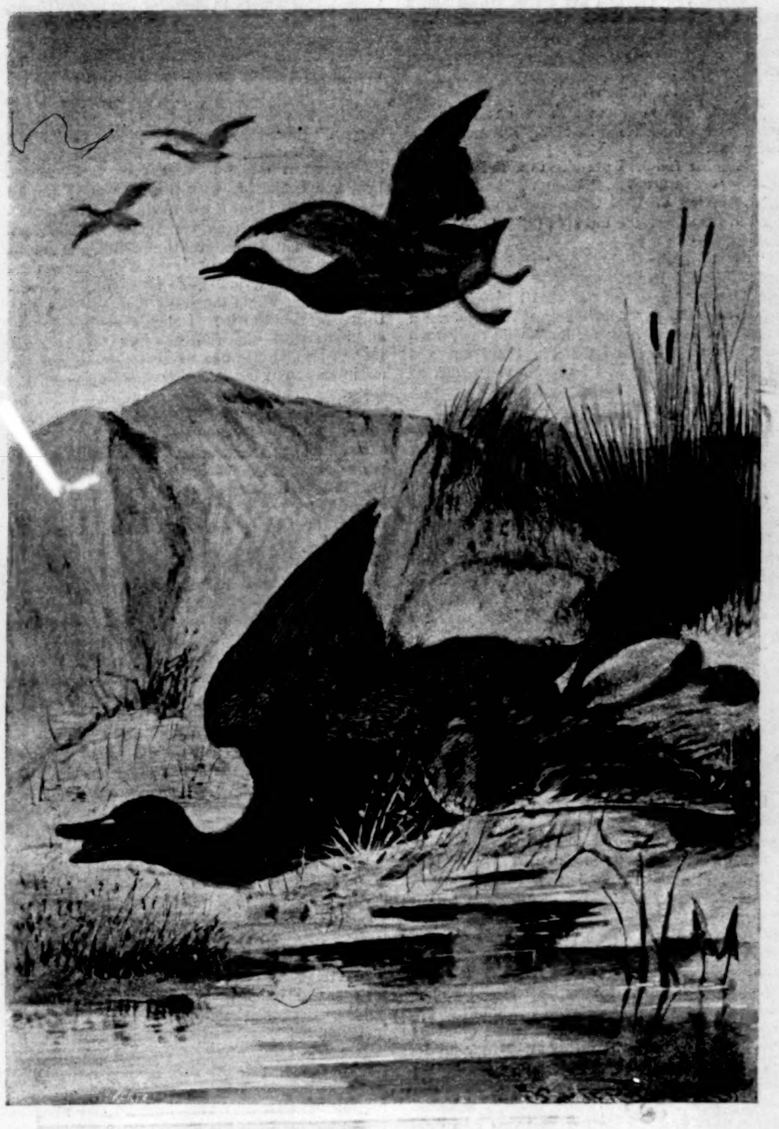
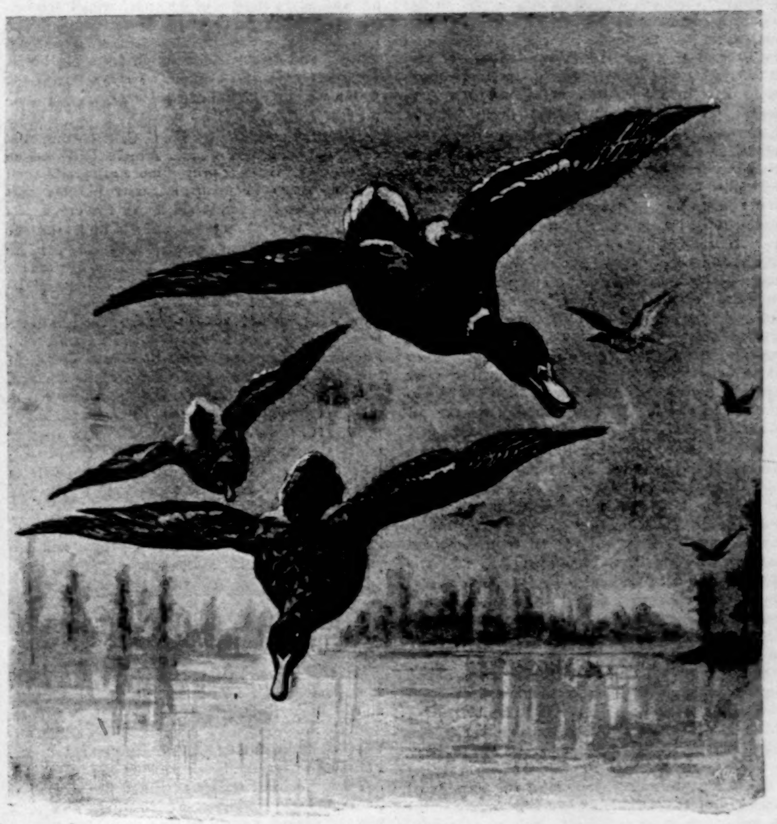
NEW YORK'S NEW MUSIC HALLS.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 895.]



RED-HEAD DUCK.



MALLARD DUCKS ON THE WING.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

RED-HEAD, MALLARD, SNIPE, AND PLOVER.

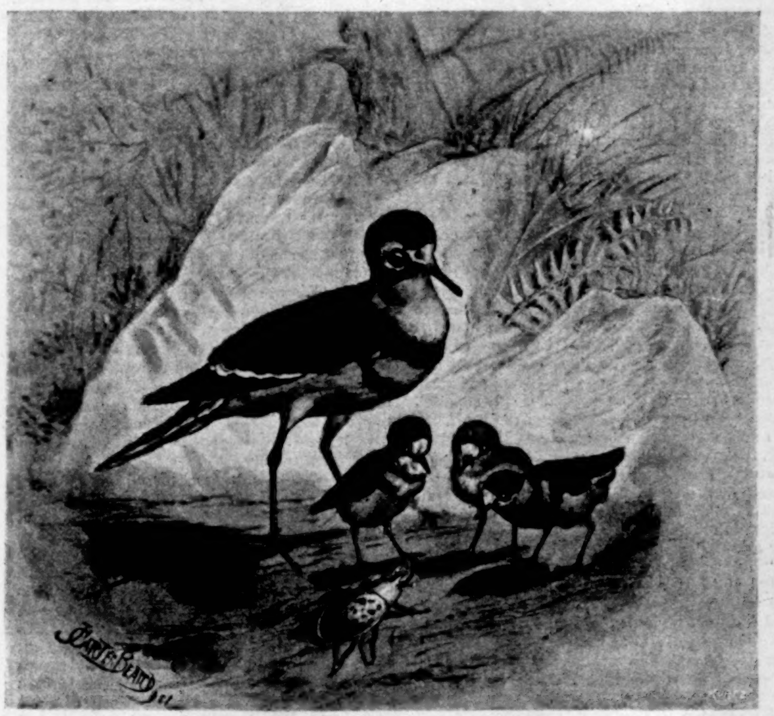
THE red-head is the common name in North America for a duck hardly distinguishable from the European pochard, of which, indeed, it is only a variety, ornithologically speaking. Unfortunately, too, it is not sufficiently distinct in appearance from the royal canvas-back to prevent a great many passing through the markets to the tables of *bons-vivants*, who erroneously congratulate themselves that they are eating the rarer bird. Certainly no great harm is done by this deception, since the red-head frequents the same rice meadows, often in company with the canvas-back, and shares its well-selected food. There seems no reason, then, why the flesh of the one should be more toothsome than that of the other, and those who can get red-heads and cannot get canvas-backs are positive there is none. Gunners aver, however, that the red-head eats nothing but the stems of the wild celery and other water-weeds, while the more aristocratic species adds the juicy roots to its bill of fare. Moreover, they assert that the former gets these stems only by lying in wait at the surface, and snatching them away from the industrious canvas-backs, who dive and pull them out of the ooze.

The head and neck of this species are brownish red with purplish reflections; the collar, shoulders, and back are black; the underpart of the body is white, sprinkled with gray and black; while the sides and the scapular feathers falling over the insertion of the wings are finely lined with undulating black and white, imparting a general gray tint. This pattern and the blue-gray markings on the wings are closely similar to those of the canvas-back, but the red-head is readily distinguished by its shorter, broader bill and yellowish eyes.

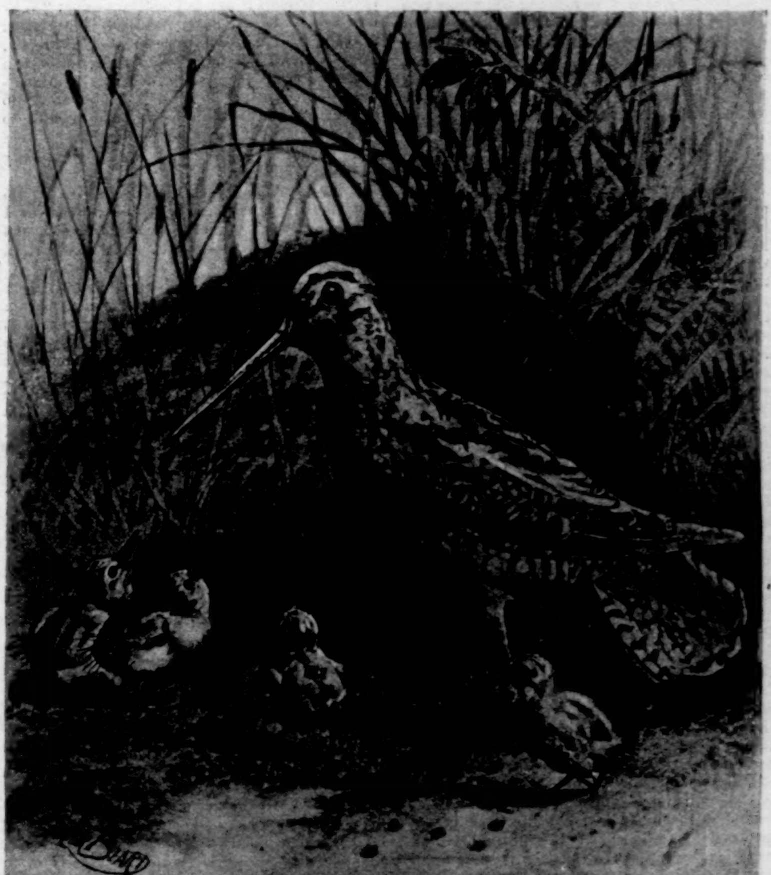
The mallard, on the contrary, is very different from the red-head in appearance, while closely associated in manner of life. This splendid duck—from which undoubtedly our tame stock is mainly descended—bears proudly a head and neck clothed in feathers of a bright grass-green color, that throw violet gleams whenever the sun strikes them at the right angle. There is a white collar ring, below which, and on the forepart of the breast and sides, the color is dark chestnut. The lower parts, underneath, the sides, and the scapulars are gray, with fine wavy lines crossing each feather. The tips of the wings and the rim of the tail are white, and some white touches, together with a purplish violet "mirror," further set off the gaudy pinions.

Mallards and red-heads alike come back from their Northern breeding-grounds in the late autumn, and gradually spread over the whole eastern half of the Union, though the former are only occasionally seen in New England, where the latter are common in spring and fall. The lakes that dot the map of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the vast marshes that border in places the shores of Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie, and the valley of the upper Missouri, are their favorite haunts in autumn; and a little later they appear on the inland waters of the Southern States, and along the Atlantic coast, where they resort to the tidal estuaries, and sometimes associate with the sea-ducks. In winter the red-head is especially abundant on the Chesapeake, mingling with the canvas-backs, and feeding upon the same delicate grasses and sweet-scented aquatic herbs. The mallards are then thronging the bayous that set back from the Mississippi and the flooded rice fields of the coast, and fattening upon the abundance of rice and other rich food floating in the water. This is the time when duck shooting in the South is at its best, and there seems no reason why then the mallard should not be the equal of any other duck on the table.

Every one who cares anything about this sport knows how it is



KILL-DEER PLOVER, FEMALE AND YOUNG.



AMERICAN SNIPE.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.

conducted, can recount with enthusiasm for the twentieth time the wiles and stratagems he has employed, how his hiding-place was cleverly concealed, the way he placed his wooden or anchored his live decoys, and the enjoyment of his success in outwitting these wary, vigilant, and strong-winged fowl. Such stories can be told and such sport may be enjoyed nearly all over Christendom, for the red-head is circumpolar in his distribution, while mallards radiate in winter from their arctic nurseries all over Europe and Asia, as well as throughout North America. This both are able to do because almost any kind of food seems to be acceptable. In the West, for example, the red-head is accustomed to alight in the wheat and corn stubble, and search for the scattered grains left there; and both species will now and then regale themselves, like sea-fowl, upon insects, small shell-fish, frogs, tadpoles, etc. In Europe great quantities of pochards, or dunbirds, as the English often call them, are captured by various devices with netting, and by luring or gently driving them into narrow canals that lead to traps. In the far East and in Japan some of these contrivances are exceedingly ingenious.

Duck shooting may be followed pretty much all winter in the United States, but he who wants sport with the snipe (*Gallinago wilsoni*) must take it either in fall or spring, the probability being that he will try to do so at both seasons. With the earliest frosts these birds leave the Canadian lakes, where they have been lingering, and come pouring into our meadows. The sportsman hastens to meet them, choosing those warm still mornings when the rising sun quickly melts the hoar-frost, and clothes in a silvery haze the landscape of brown rushes and stagnant water. The birds are fat, juicy, and unhurried, feeling none of the anxiety which in spring urges them to hasten on their long journey to Hudson Bay or Athabasca Lake, in order to finish their nesting before the brief summer is over.

Successful shooting of the American snipe (which, by-the-way, is often called the "English" snipe, from its resemblance to a European cousin) is something to be proud of. This is especially true in the spring, when these birds appear on the sea-shore meadows in little wisps at the same time that the shad is mounting the rivers, for then they are exceedingly restless and capricious, frequently abandoning the open meadows for small inland bogs or the springy ground along the outskirts of woodlands, and dropping down, a few at a time, in all sorts of unexpected places. At such a time snipe shooting is snap shooting truly, and taxes the beginner's patience and endurance alike.

Some gunners prefer to go alone and afoot, but this calls for long walking; others take dogs, since this snipe lies well under a "point"; while a third class only want dogs for retrieving duty. The approach should always be down the wind, since it is the habit of the bird when flushed to spring away *up*, or at any rate *across*, the wind, tacking back and forth with extreme rapidity, and an uncertainty of flight which makes them very puzzling targets. They do not fly far, but it is difficult to tell just where they have alighted.

They seek mates during this spring migration, and one of the pleasantest of Frank Forester's descriptions is of their behavior under the influence of the tender passion. "Rising in the air to a great height, they dart and twist about with wonderful agility, dropping plumb down from time to time in the midst of these eccentric gyrations, and producing as they descend a thrumming noise, possibly caused by forming the wings into a sort of Æolian harp." It is at this moment of descent that one hears the curious bleating utterance which answers their attempt to sing, and is quite different from the loud *scaifs* with which they scream their disapproval of disturbance, or greet each other in autumn. Tennyson's line,

"The swamp where hums the dropping snipe,"

contains a whole picture to any one who has tramped the sloppy meadows of the Eastern States in the closing days of March.

Any one may recognize a plover among the "shore birds" by the rather short bill, which is cylindrical, and carries upon the top of its tip a vaulted apex, quite distinct from the membranous portion, and reminding one of the beak of a pigeon. Indeed "prairie pigeon" is one of the local names of a Western variety. Several species are known to gunners, and one, the upland plover, is widely distributed inland; but the most generally familiar member of the tribe is the kill-deer, which is classified under the suitable specific name *vociferus*. These scatter over the whole country, wandering in summer to the remote arctic coasts, and at the opposite season visiting Mexico and Central America. In winter they flock along the sea-shore, wherever the tide keeps the mud in the marshes exposed, or go just far enough south to avoid the frost which seals up their food farther north. "No sooner have the rivers opened than the kill-deer's shrill note is again heard, either roaming about high in air, tracing the shore of the river, or running amidst the watery flats and meadows. As spring advances it resorts to the newly ploughed fields or level plains bare of grass, interspersed with shallow pools, or, in the vicinity of the sea, dry, bare, sandy fields."

Like several others of the plover and snipe families, this restless and vigilant bird constitutes himself watchman of the whole neighborhood, and his warning shout, *kill-dee! kill-dee!* has robbed many a gunner of his sport. He is often shot for his pains, but his flesh is not worth much as a delicacy. It is in the breeding season, however, that the kill-deer is most noisy and agitated. From far away he catches sight of an intruder, and calls heaven and earth to witness the outrage of your presence in the same field where his nest reposes under the shadow of some tussock. Descending swiftly from the heights where he has been dodging about in vigorous flight, he will dive at your face and cut the air with sabre strokes of his sharp wings, screaming the while, until by his incessant vituperations and dashing attacks he has compelled your attention and diverted your mind from his home. In midsummer and autumn he stays nearer the water, wading and bathing a good deal, and making less clamor.

"Of all I saw," writes Dr. C. C. Abbott, in that charming book, *Upland and Meadow* (this was on July 20th), "nothing proved more attractive than a half-dozen beautiful kill-deer plovers that tripped over the sandy shores of the creek just ahead of the boat; tame enough to let us see them very plainly, and sufficiently confident to pursue their food while they kept an eye on us. When a bird is so wild that it will only watch us as we stare at it, then it is as uninteresting as a stuffed specimen.... Just what the little kill-deers were feeding upon I can't say, but I found that, like woodcocks, they buried their bills deeply in the sand, and left rows of holes over its surface, often as regular in appearance as those encircling an apple-tree, and made by the little woodpecker.... A mass of the wet sand was allowed to trickle through my fingers, and I found mollusks, crustaceans, and undetermined small fry in it, all of which would be acceptable to the plover's palate."

The same food and manner of getting it belong to the snipe, and country people will tell you that the bird is "sucking mud."

A READJUSTED LOVE AFFAIR.

BY ALICE L. CLARK.

"Mrs. Minot S. Glittering's compliments to Mr. Blackstone Bender, and she hopes that he and his friend will join her at dessert."

"Mr. Bender accepts Mrs. Glittering's kind invitation, and will take pleasure in presenting Mr. Ferdinand Cleverly."

Thus the head waiter of Hotel Royal, Delphi Junction, and I addressed each other, and thus was Ferdinand moved to give over his speculations as to what might be the most innocuous dishes on the *menu* to glance inquiringly at the village druggist, the station agent, three retired sea-captains, the photographer, two or three factory foremen, numerous workmen, the wives of several of these citizens, and the hotel housekeeper, who were devoting their attention to corned beef and pie here and there in the dining-room, and to ask, "Is Mrs. Glittering visible to the naked eye? I do not place her."

"You do not see her," said I. "She does not look with kindness on the table manners of the Hotel Royalists, nor upon the hotel custom of dining, as she says, *en masse;* so she has introduced a reform for the benefit of the 'quality,' and the bill of fare of this hotel now includes '*Japanese screens* served to order.'"

Ferdinand stared in amazement at a screen whereon, against a background of sky-blue sea and tan-colored clouds, a golden crescent, a gondola, wild roses, fleurs-de-lis, cherry blossoms, swallows, cranes, and Japanese women shone in happy international amity, and realized the Delphi Junction ideal of Japanese art.

"Why, good heavens, Zach"—my name is Zacheray Blackstone Bender, but Ferdinand and I were classmates in college, and I can never hope to attain to the dignity of Blackstone Bender with him—"do you mean to say that this Mrs. Glittering actually has that screen around her dinner-table?" and as I nodded assent: "Why does she do it? I never heard of such cheek! Awfully glad to meet your friends; but really, Zacheray, how did you happen—that is, how can one—such bad form—don't wish to be discourteous—but I never heard—" I was about to defend my friend to Ferdinand, who seemed to be a prey to conflicting emotions, when he went on: "Wait! It must be the same! Our Lady of the Tooth-brush!"

"Who? What? Oh, you mean—what do you mean?" I asked, and my heart sank as I guessed at what was coming, and that it boded ill for a deep-laid scheme of mine, which shall develop presently.

"My cousin Sadie," said Ferdinand, "tells a story of a lady who lives near her on Arlington Avenue in the winter, and gives afternoon teas and *musicales;* and I remember that Sadie once said that she owned a fish-canning factory at Delphi Junction. She has a penchant for reform, and having decided that the children of Delphi Junction should be taught to clean their dear little teeth, she bought half a gross of small-sized tooth-brushes to distribute among them, and began the good work by assembling a class in the laundry of her country house. The little natives stood in a circle about her, and she brushed the teeth of each in the most approved and scientific manner, as her own dentist had instructed her, not across, but up and down. Each unhappy innocent held his brush in his hand, and while giving the lesson she made one brush go round! It must be the same. Was it not Mrs. Glittering?"

Now I had a particular reason for wishing Ferdinand to admire Mrs. Glittering; so, to counteract this unfortunate beginning, I replied, with enthusiasm: "Yes, but when you know her you will not mind little eccentricities like tooth-brushes and screens. I want you to fall in love with her. You will not think of her occasional *nouveau riche* mistakes. She makes up for them by being so large-souled, and warm-hearted, and generous, and witty, and—and sweet, and unaffected—everything that goes to make a charming woman. She was married at sixteen, is only thirty-six now, very handsome. She has given this town a library, and endowed a course of lectures, and some concerts. She uses her money more nobly than most people who derive theirs from a more aristocratic source than the fish-canning factory of the late Mr. Minot S. Glittering."

"Oh, he's dead, is he?" asked Ferdinand.

"Yes. You will find her a true friend and a most entertaining hostess. I—I—" Something in Ferdinand's expression made me grow a little confused. I found myself actually blushing, and ended hastily:

"I admire her immensely."

"I see," said Ferdinand. Then he added a remark which struck me as being rather wide of the point:

"My dear fellow, I promise to admire and appreciate the future Mrs. Blackstone Bender. Er—um, speaking of Mrs. Glittering, does she succeed in reforming the morals of the Delphi Junction towns-people?"

"Oh," I replied, absently, "their morals are not sufficiently bad to support even one lawyer." (Be it remarked, *en passant*, that I belong to the legal fraternity.) "I have helped to carry out a number of her schemes for improving their manners and their musical taste." I did not add that, to win her favor, I had also contemplated affecting a taste for music, and coaching up on the subject out of the *Compendium of Great Composers*, which I had once bought of a book-agent, and up to date had only used to keep my office door from slamming against the wall; the reason being—Miranda.

Of her I only said: "Mrs. Glittering has a pretty daughter; but," dubiously, "she is rather odd. Very likely she will not think it worth while to talk with you unless you can discuss philosophy and the advancement of science with her, in French. She talks English, of course, but she is a little vain of her French, and you had better—"

"Excuse me," interposed Ferdinand; "I shall not try to talk with her—not unless it is a case of love at first sight. No; I shall discuss reform with the lovely Mrs. Glittering in plain Anglo-Saxon. French! Why, I do not remember a bit of French, except *Au revoir* and *Ici garçon*, and *Pâté de foie gras*. I do not think that I could sustain a philosophical conversation."

I looked at my watch to conceal my satisfaction, and then proposed that we penetrate beyond the aristocratic folds of that Japanese screen. I was in love with Miranda Glittering, in love with her mischievous smile, her earnest brown eyes, her waving blond hair, her demure seventeen-year-old wisdom, the brightness and sweetness of disposition, which she had evidently inherited from her mother. Of late I had observed in myself a disposition to pass much of my abundant leisure at the Glittering mansion, at dinner (the Glitterings always dined at the hotel) to imperil my digestion by eating in haste, or to interest the druggist by ordering everything on the bill of fare, that I might time my exit from the dining-room opportunely to accompany Mrs. Glittering and her daughter home, to order unnecessary suits of summer clothes, and that I had developed a taste for drinking tea and eating cakes at unseasonable hours—when offered by the Glitterings. *Ergo*, I was in love, and with Miranda. To this conclusion I had come when Ferdinand Cleverly wrote me that he intended to run down from New York to visit me for a few days.

He was my most valued friend. I admired him so much myself that it at once occurred to me that he must be a dangerous rival. He might fall in love with Miranda himself, and prevent my gaining her affections. If my conviction that I really wanted to gain those affections had not been quite firm before, this idea settled the matter. But I did not allow my old friend to think himself unwelcome. Though it must be confessed that my conception of the duties of hospitality did not prevent my telling him that ingenious fib about Miranda's French. Having thrown this stumbling-block in the way of Ferdinand and my adored Miranda becoming acquainted, I proceeded to the inevitable, and introduced Ferdinand to her and to her mother. In the hope that Ferdinand would devote his attention to Mrs. Glittering, and to inspire that charming woman to be especially gracious, I said something effusive about Mr. Cleverly's being one of the best fellows in the world, my valued friend, and that I was particularly happy to introduce him to Mrs. Glittering; and as Miranda fixed her brown eyes on me a little quizzically, I fancied, I had to add, *and* to Mrs. Glittering's daughter. How many lies I had been led into telling since the moment when I shook hands with Ferdinand and told him that "nothing could have been more delightful and opportune than his visit, by Jove"!

I devoted myself to Miranda, and Cleverly entered into a conversation with Mrs. Glittering. I saw him look at her critically and then glance at me. His expression was significant, but it was too knowing, too amused, too sympathetic, to signify simply the admiration which I wished him to feel. Was it, could it be, that Ferdinand fancied that I—oh, impossible!—that I was in love with Mrs. Glittering? Evidently he understood me less than when we were in college together, and since then had come to fancy himself deeply sophisticated and penetrating in affairs of the heart.

I murmured to Miranda: "I hope, Miss Glittering, that you will like my friend. He has lived abroad a great deal, and I suppose that is the reason he prefers French to English. He is really a sensible fellow, and his friends, as a usual thing, do not mind humoring his little preference for French."

"But," exclaimed Miranda, "that is absurd—very! and I cannot speak French; I expect people who are introduced to me to talk English, and I cannot be bothered—still," as she caught Ferdinand's smile across the table—a smile expressive of enthusiastic admiration—"of course he came here at mamma's invitation, and I will try to entertain him."

I pretended to receive this concession gratefully, but I saw in it a bad omen, and said, sadly, to myself: "'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?' Score one for Ferdinand."

Presently Mrs. Glittering addressed a remark to me about American opera, or the musical copyright, and we began one of our usual discussions upon those noble conversational stand-byes. Ferdinand seized the opportunity to make the following interesting speech to Miranda:

"Miss Glittering, *n'est pas*, ahem, *ne fait il pas froid*—er—that is, *chaud?*"

"Ha," thought I, "it works," and still I felt somewhat worried. If my little deception was not discovered, it would prevent Ferdinand's establishing a friendship with the Glitterings, and all would be well. But if even with imperfect facility for conversation he yet found Miranda's society sufficiently attractive to tempt him to stay—he never had visited me for more than three days at a time—my unjustifiable fib would be discovered. What would the frank and generous Mrs. Glittering think of it? I should be in disgrace; and Ferdinand—ah, what was he saying? Alas, though he and Miranda were struggling through an intermittent conversation that suggested the exercises of the French grammar, they made up for lack of phrase by smiling eloquently at each other.

In watching a charming little pantomime between them, I became quite incapable of taking part in a conversation with Mrs. Glittering. Miranda had taken a daisy from the cluster at her breast, and, as Ferdinand had evidently insisted, had given it his name. Then I could hear her sweet voice, "*Il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, passionnément, pas du tout. Il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup, passionnément*"—he made her stop there, possessed himself of the daisy, and with that petal pulled off all the rest! "Oh, my unlucky stars!" I groaned inwardly, "he has told her, without even the aid of English, something which all my untiring and pointed demonstration has failed to make her comprehend." Did she understand him? She blushed beautifully, and said:

"Mamma, I have been thinking that Mr. Bender's friend" (my friend, indeed! I had mentally already cast him off) "might like to hear you sing this evening. He says he is fond of music. Perhaps they will come home with us after dinner."

The invitation was given and accepted. I played Mrs. Glittering's accompaniment that evening as usual. Our first song was applauded, our second was "Exquisite!" "Charmingly rendered!" the third was received with enthusiasm apparently too great for words, the fourth was likewise received in silence. We looked around. The parlor was empty, and the flash of a white gown attended by a dark shadow down the garden walk indicated the delinquent audience.

Mrs. Glittering selected another song and I played the accompaniment, feeling rather dramatic. I pictured to myself my rival making himself odiously agreeable, both he and Miranda forgetting me—me, the unsuspecting friend who had ruined his own happiness by introducing his false friend. I saw myself devoting a lonely and melancholy life to my profession, and gradually becoming cold-blooded and scheming, after the manner of villains disappointed in love in the second chapter of popular novels. Suddenly Mrs. Glittering ceased to sing. I looked up. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "Yes, it is very touching, very, indeed! Er—both the air and the words are—are so exquisitely adapted to the sentiment!"

"No," said Mrs. Glittering, "it is not a specially affecting song. My audience is inclined to wander this evening. No matter; I was thinking of something else. I am troubled"—the tears began to fall.

"Mrs. Glittering," I exclaimed, much affected by her grief, and forgetting my own gloomy reflections, "what is it? My dear! It breaks my heart to see—" and obeying a sudden impulse, I put my arm around her waist, lifted the quivering chin, and tried to kiss away the tears. She showed no indignation, but she said, "I am troubled about—Miranda."

My hands dropped. I had forgotten Miranda. She went on, rapidly, "Mr. Bender, you are in love with her!"

"I—yes—oh yes—certainly—er—devotedly."

"You wish to marry her?"

"Yes. But, my dear Mrs. Glittering, perhaps she does not care for me. I never asked her."

"Of course she does," rejoined Mrs. Glittering. "I am sure she must, when she quite understands your deep affection for her."

"Er—I—I hope so," I replied.

"Yes, oh yes; that is settled. I want her to marry you. I promise you that she shall. There is only one difficulty. That is, that I have promised that she shall marry some one else!

"It is a strange story. Mr. Glittering was indebted to his foreman for a discovery in the fish-canning process, and there were other business obligations. He promised the man that Miranda should marry his son. When he was dying he told me of it, and asked me to repeat the promise. I refused. He was very angry, and said that he should leave his entire fortune to an institution, and that he should die without blessing his wife or his little daughter. He was a very peculiar man, very.

"The doctor said that if his mind were set at rest his life might be saved. It seemed like murder not to promise, so I promised, and it has worried me ever since. And now I do want her to marry you. I want you to gain her consent, and then when this other claimant appears she will refuse him. It is not keeping my word, but I cannot see your heart broken. This foreman's son, Albert Victor Carp—I have no doubt he is a vulgar, presuming young man—was to present his claim—ugh! claim!—on Miranda's eighteenth birthday. That is next month. Miranda does not know of this, and I have told you that you may act accordingly. As far as my consent and influence can avail, you are Miranda's affianced husband."

I stood gazing at a portrait of Mr. Glittering, and thinking what an adorable wife that fortunate man had had. I found myself wondering if Miranda would ever grow into half as charming a woman, when I suddenly realized that Mrs. Glittering was looking at me in puzzled silence, and that it was the proper thing for me to express some enthusiasm. How kind she was! how thoughtful for the happiness of others! I did not deserve such a—mother-in-law.

"Mrs. Glittering," I exclaimed, "you have made me very happy! Your confidence in me, your preference for me as—as your daughter's husband renders me—renders me—" I had taken her hand; she looked so distractingly lovely and so sad that I could think of nothing else. I tried in vain to remember what I had begun to say. Her little hand which I held was trembling. There was an ostentatious cough at the door. Ferdinand and Miranda had returned.

He and I took our leave soon after. My brain was in a whirl. I was Miranda's accepted lover—accepted by her mother—Ferdinand evidently her favored suitor—an unknown Albert Victor Carp liable to appear at any moment to claim her hand in fulfilment of a sacred promise; and if, after all, I married her, Mrs. Glittering would be—would be my mother-in-law! Strange that that last thought gave me such a feeling of disappointment and depression. I had no reason to suppose that she would not fill that rôle as she did everything—gracefully and generously. But perhaps Ferdinand had already made discouraging progress in his suit. I took it for granted that he was in love with her.

"Ferdinand," said I, "how did you get on with Miss Glittering?"

"Oh, not so bad!" replied that complacent young man. "I said everything I could recall from my French exercises, and I just saved myself once or twice from lapsing into, 'How many children has the good baker who sells bread, cheese, and cake?' and, 'When you go to market will you buy me an envelope, a pound of beef, and a yard of silk velvet?' and some of the other inanities which I learned in some confounded conversational method or other." He laughed excitedly, and went on, "But I say, Zach—"

Ferdinand's remarks and many other things were just then forever cut short by the arrival of a telegraph messenger. I read the telegram, paid the boy, packed my valise, went to Ohio, and passed five weeks at the bedside of the only uncle I have in the world. He did not die, as had been anticipated, but recovered, and took a deep interest in the complicated love affair which I described to him. Mrs. Glittering and I wrote every day. Ferdinand passed a good deal of time with the Glitterings while awaiting my return, so he wrote me.

At the end of three weeks my uncle said to me, "Zacheray, you had better take the night train for Delphi Junction, and get there before Albert Victor Carp marries one of those Gilding—Glittering women, and your friend Cleverness—what's his name?—Cleverly—the other. You can visit me again later. Now, I do not want those fellows putting on any airs from a financial stand-point, so I have placed a sum to your credit at Goldpen's, my banker's. It will place things on a more satisfactory basis until your law practice is established. Goldpen will write you. Do not say anything; I shall have a relapse if you do. Just go home and precipitate matters, and if you need any advice telegraph me."

As I was opening my office at Delphi Junction the next day, Tim, the bell boy from Hotel Royal, suddenly appeared and said:

"Mr. Bender, you are wanted at the hotel. A man in the parlor rang for me, and says, 'Go and get a justice of the peace'; and the lady with him says, 'Immediately. We want some important papers made out'; and I says, 'Yes, sir, I will, lady'; and the clerk sent me after you. There's another man in the parlor, who came in in a tearing hurry, and swore about an accident detaining his train all day, and he ordered the best rig that this antedelugian tavern—I think that was what he called Hotel Royal—afforded; and when I told him that he would have to wait half an hour, he swore some more and gave me fifty cents. It's the other man that wants you—the one that ain't a blonde—it ain't him."

Guided by the bell-boy's lucid instructions, I passed by a calm, correct-looking blonde who stood in the middle of the room, gazing at the black silk hat which he held, and who, as I entered, turned a pair of angry blue eyes upon me. Evidently it wasn't him.

I advanced to the bay-window, where stood a lady and a gentleman looking out.

"I am a justice of the peace. Why, Ferdinand! Miss Glittering!"

Some idea of the situation began to dawn upon me from their expression, and from the general aspect of the affair.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, helplessly.

Miranda offered me her vinaigrette, and Ferdinand grasped my hand and said: "Why, Zach, my dear fellow, I am glad to see you. I forgot that you are a justice of the peace. I thought you were in Ohio. We want to be married."

"But," I replied, "isn't this a little sudden? Where is Mrs. Glittering?"

"Sudden? Not at all," said Miranda. "We have been engaged a week, and this morning when I told mamma that we wished to be married, she snubbed me and forbade me to mention the subject until you came home. As if that made any difference. She was very cruel and unreasonable. She has been very queer and absent-minded ever since you left, and I am glad you have come back." And Miranda evinced her joy at my return by bursting into tears, and using the vinaigrette which I hastily returned to her. I tried to argue with Ferdinand, but he seemed only to be interested in wiping away Miranda's tears. He noticed me just enough to say, stiffly, "I have a license, and if you decline to perform the ceremony, I can find a minister."

"Miss Glittering is very young. I dislike to perform this ceremony without her mother's consent."

"I was eighteen yesterday," said Miranda, corking up her vinaigrette, and suddenly touching the electric bell. It was a critical moment. I came perilously near running into the irate blonde as I hastened to the bell.

"Allow me to send for some ink and paper," I exclaimed; "I will marry you. Pray return to your seat. I will speak to the bell boy."

She stood suspiciously by while I gave the order, but was constrained to retreat to the bay-window and her lover, when the blonde, whether by accident or moved by a friendly impulse, sauntered up and said, "Here! what about that confounded carriage?"

I seized the opportunity to give my card to the boy and tell him to take it to Mrs. Glittering, and ask her to meet me in the hotel parlor immediately on urgent business. Then I waited at the door and reflected. The etiquette of this love affair demanded that I should now find myself a blighted being. But far from anathematizing the friend who had usurped me in Miranda's affections, I found myself complacently thinking that he was a splendid fellow, and would make the dear girl a capital husband. What could it mean? Five weeks ago I had seen every reason to believe that I was in love. I had reasoned the matter out carefully. Since then I had made no new friends. No one had appeared to fill her place in my heart, and yet—and yet—Mrs. Glittering would certainly be with us in a moment. I hastily concluded my reverie as Ferdinand said, suspiciously:

"See here, it takes your bell boy a long while to get those writing materials. You had better ring again or begin without them," and he walked toward the bell.

"Come back here," I said, desperately. "I can go on without them, if you insist upon it. Stand up—er—wait a moment while I think of the form." I walked meditatively to the window. No Mrs. Glittering in sight. Miranda and Ferdinand alert and suspicious; no more time to be gained in that way, evidently. I returned to them. "Now let us have this done right. Ferdinand, that is the wrong side."

"Now, Mr. Justice, is this right?" said Miranda, gayly.

I reflected again as long as I dared.

"Yes, that will do. Take her hand, Ferdinand" (anything to interest them until Mrs. Glittering should arrive). "Wait! I must read the license."

"No! That's all right; go ahead," said Ferdinand.

"Give me the document. The ceremony will not be legal unless I read it. You need not hold her hand while I examine this paper, Ferdinand."

I read it carefully enough to know it by heart, and listened for a step on the stairs. Silence, except for the tread of the blond young man, who seemed to be amusing himself by walking from one window to another.

"Now we are all ready. Bow to partners!—I mean, take Miss Glittering's hand, Ferdinand. Now, then, Ferdinand Cleverly, Miranda Glittering," and I was about to add, "I would not on any account marry you without Mrs. Glittering's knowledge and consent," when the blonde overturned a chair behind me, a quick step was heard in the hall, and a musical voice exclaimed, "Lord! Miranda! Mr. Cleverly! *and* Mr. Bender! how do you do? *What* does this mean?"

"Oh! mamma dear, Mr. Bender was just going to marry us. He—he quite approves of it, mamma darling."

Mrs. Glittering turned to me incredulously.

"Do you, Mr. Bender?"

And then I flatter myself that in the matter of eloquence I did myself proud; as to generosity, in the light of subsequent events, I make no special claim.

"Yes, my dear friend, I do," and I took Mrs. Glittering's hand, and actually patted her shoulder in my enthusiasm. "I can recommend Ferdinand with all my heart. I shall be happy to continue the ceremony."

She looked at me in silence, evidently struggling with some strong emotion.

"Ah!" I thought, "a mother's heart!" and said: "She must be married some time, you know. It *is* hard to part from her—"

She disdained my comfort, and, turning to her daughter, said, solemnly, "But, Miranda, you have no trousseau."

"I have thought of that, mamma dear. I have all my summer gowns."

"And I should wish to make some property arrangements. There is the corner lot opposite the Methodist church, on Jamaica Street, New York, and some shares in the fish-canning factory which I intended for you, Miranda. And," in a whisper, turning to me, "there is Mr. Carp!"

"Where?" And I started violently as the blonde tipped over another chair.

"His claim, you know. He ought to have been here yesterday; so, no matter. You really want her to marry Mr. Cleverly?"

"Why, yes," I replied. "I thought I was a little in love with her some weeks ago, but now I am prepared to give her my blessing, and regard her as a sort of a daughter."

Mrs. Glittering blushed, strange to say, and prevented my continuing by saying to Miranda: "My dear, I shall not—that is, I would not, be married in a hotel parlor, but you have a right to your own choice. And if you wish to be married in a French sateen trimmed with imitation lace, you may do so. Here is my hand, Ferdinand. Take good care of my little girl. Mr. Bender, will you send for Mr. Portly, the proprietor, and ask him to witness the marriage ceremony, and also to order the preparation of the wedding breakfast?"

Word was returned from the office that Mr. Portly was out of town, and the head waiter pledged himself to have in readiness, within twenty-five minutes, a breakfast quite *comme il faut*, short of engraved invitations.

"But," persisted Mrs. Glittering, "we must have another witness; we cannot ask the head waiter. Shall I send for the clerk, or for some one from the village?"

Just then the blond young man touched me on the arm. "Glad to be of any service," he murmured.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "Mrs. Glittering, Miss Glittering, Mr. Cleverly, allow me to present, er—um—ahem—" and my voice died away in that inarticulate gurgle which we all affect when we do not know, have not the courage to ask, nor the effrontery to guess at a name.

Then I pronounced the words which made Ferdinand and Miranda man and wife. A little confusion followed. Miranda shed a few tears. Mrs. Glittering kissed her, and turning to me, said, "Your friend"—meaning the witness—"must breakfast with us," and she handed him the pen to witness the certificate with a trembling hand and a smile from eyes which were bright with tears. He took the pen in his left hand, offered his right to Ferdinand, and said:

"Mr. Cleverly, accept my congratulations and best wishes." He bowed to Miranda, and turning to Mrs. Glittering, said: "Mrs. Glittering, I cannot accept your kind invitation to-day; but when you have a wedding breakfast of your own, count me in. Mr. Bender, I hope that I may have the opportunity to congratulate you on a similar occasion—soon." He dipped the pen in the ink, and added, sententiously, "A miss is as good as a mile," signed his name, and bowed himself out. With our witness, faultlessly attired and elegant of manner, the party lost the only member whose appearance was at all in keeping with the occasion. Which looked the character more, the bridegroom who was clad in a blue and white tennis suit, or Mr. ——? I looked for his signature. It was Albert Victor Carp.

And so I married Ferdinand and Miranda. They are absent on their bridal tour; and I am wedded—to the legal profession (whether temporarily or permanently, Mrs. Glittering shall decide when she returns from California, whither she has gone on business). I am just now looking into the law as to fish canning. Mrs. Glittering is my first client, and, as keen observers like Miranda, Ferdinand, my uncle, Mr. Albert Victor Carp, and the reader long ago perceived—as I myself discovered lately in an inspired moment wherein many things were explained—she is my first love.

NEW YORK'S NEW MUSIC HALL.

The need of a music hall such as is now in course of erection on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, in this city, has long been realized by the higher musical fraternities of New York. This, instead of being a mushroom enterprise, has been under consideration for several years among a few exponents and patrons of music, notably the late Dr. L. Damrosch and Mr. Morris Reno. Seventeen years ago, through the active co-operation of these two gentlemen, the Oratorio Society was founded, and five years later the Symphony Society of New York. Dr. Damrosch and Mr. Reno frequently discussed the desirability of a proper hall for the two societies. After the death of Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Reno continued to nourish this idea, which, however, without the munificent financial assistance of Mr. Andrew Carnegie probably would not have been carried out in years to come. The lack of proper music halls in the metropolis is obvious to every one who is aware that the only hall at present acoustically fitted for concerts is Steinway, and even that has neither sufficient accommodations nor is it well situated. Chickering Hall is far too small, and the Metropolitan Opera-house, though excellently adapted for operatic performances, is by no means a good concert hall.

The so-called Music Hall Company was organized and incorporated in March, 1889, by the following members of the Symphony and Oratorio societies of New York: Messrs. Andrew Carnegie, Walter J. Damrosch, Morris Reno, Stephen M. Knevals, and William B. Tuthill. A board of directors was chosen, comprising the following named gentlemen: Morris Reno, President; Stephen M. Knevals, Treasurer; Frederick William Holls, Secretary; John W. Aitken, Andrew Carnegie, Walter J. Damrosch, Sherman W. Knevals, William B. Tuthill, and John J. Wilson.

At the time the company was organized the capital stock was to have been $300,000, but this sum was recently augmented to $600,000. Of this stock Mr. Andrew Carnegie owns $500,000. The cost of the building, including the land, will be $1,100,000. The cost to maintain it, including the interest on the mortgage, is calculated at $50,000 annually.

The original purpose of the organization was to provide a suitable hall, meeting all acoustic requirements, for the production of concert music, and in addition a number of small halls for chamber music, lectures, and other minor entertainments.

The main hall or auditorium is to be leased for concerts, and there will be a variety of rooms suitable for lodges, artists' studios, rehearsals, fairs, private theatricals, etc. When necessary or desired the main hall can be converted into a magnificent ball-room, connecting with a spacious banquet chamber.

The site was selected not only on account of its being in one of the finest parts of the city, with its western side on an avenue and its façade on Fifty-seventh Street (one of the wide uptown thoroughfares), but also because the social, not to say commercial, movement in New York is and has been for some time uptown, and doubtless within a few years it will be said of the new music hall that it occupies a central location.

The architectural style of the building will be that of the Venetian Renaissance, with whose rich development the names of Sansovino, Sanmichele, Palladio, and Scamozzi are associated. It will not resemble nor will it be identical in purpose with any other hall now in course of construction. As has been intimated, it will be devoted to the higher class of entertainments.

As for the admirable and ingenious interior arrangement, the auditorium is to include two tiers of bayed out boxes, two balconies, and a parquet—the latter capable of seating over one thousand persons. The boxes on the first and the end boxes on the second tier will be open, with communicating anterooms. A corridor, with eleven exits, five of them leading to Seventh Avenue, is to environ the parquet. The grand vestibule, with seven entrances, is to be on Fifty-seventh Street. Under the auditorium will be the banquet hall, which will accommodate over one thousand people, and may serve as well the purposes of a rehearsal hall. On occasions when the banquet hall is occupied, the adjoining rooms in the lateral portion of the building may be converted into meeting, committee rooms, etc.

In addition to the chamber music hall there will be in the lateral building a smaller dining-room, *petits salons*, cloak, and toilet rooms. In the basement will be located the kitchens. The roof story will be devoted to studios for artists. In the upper part of the building, facing on Fifty-seventh Street, there will be rooms adapted for choruses and quarters for soloists and conductors. A commodious chapter-room will be situated over the chamber music hall, while just above the stage area of the auditorium will be a gymnasium.

Three elevators ought to insure adequate service and render accessible every part of the building, in which efficient provisions will be made to have thorough ventilation. The walls of the auditorium particularly are to receive brilliant modern decorations, and nothing in respect to the comfort of future visitors to this building it seems has been overlooked. It is expected that the music hall will be finished on the 1st of October, 1890.

Leon Mead.

THE LENOX LYCEUM BUILDING.

Among the new buildings erected for amusement purposes in New York city the Lenox Lyceum Building, situated near the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, commands attention as one of the most complete institutions of its kind. The interior dimensions of the building are 135 feet in diameter, 74 feet in height, and each of the two entrances on Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street is 25 feet in width. The stage, built under a shell-shaped ceiling, can be seen from every part of the auditorium, and, when used for an orchestra, will seat comfortably sixty-four musicians, with ample room for conductor and soloists. The floor space of 7535 feet affords a superb area for dancing, with stairways on either side of the hall, leading to coat-rooms, etc. The entire area of the hall, including the sixty-two boxes, each holding six seats, but exclusive of the two entrances, is 12,750 feet. The dining-room will comfortably seat 700 people. The kitchens and café are immediately under the dancing-room, or hall proper, and are admirably appointed.

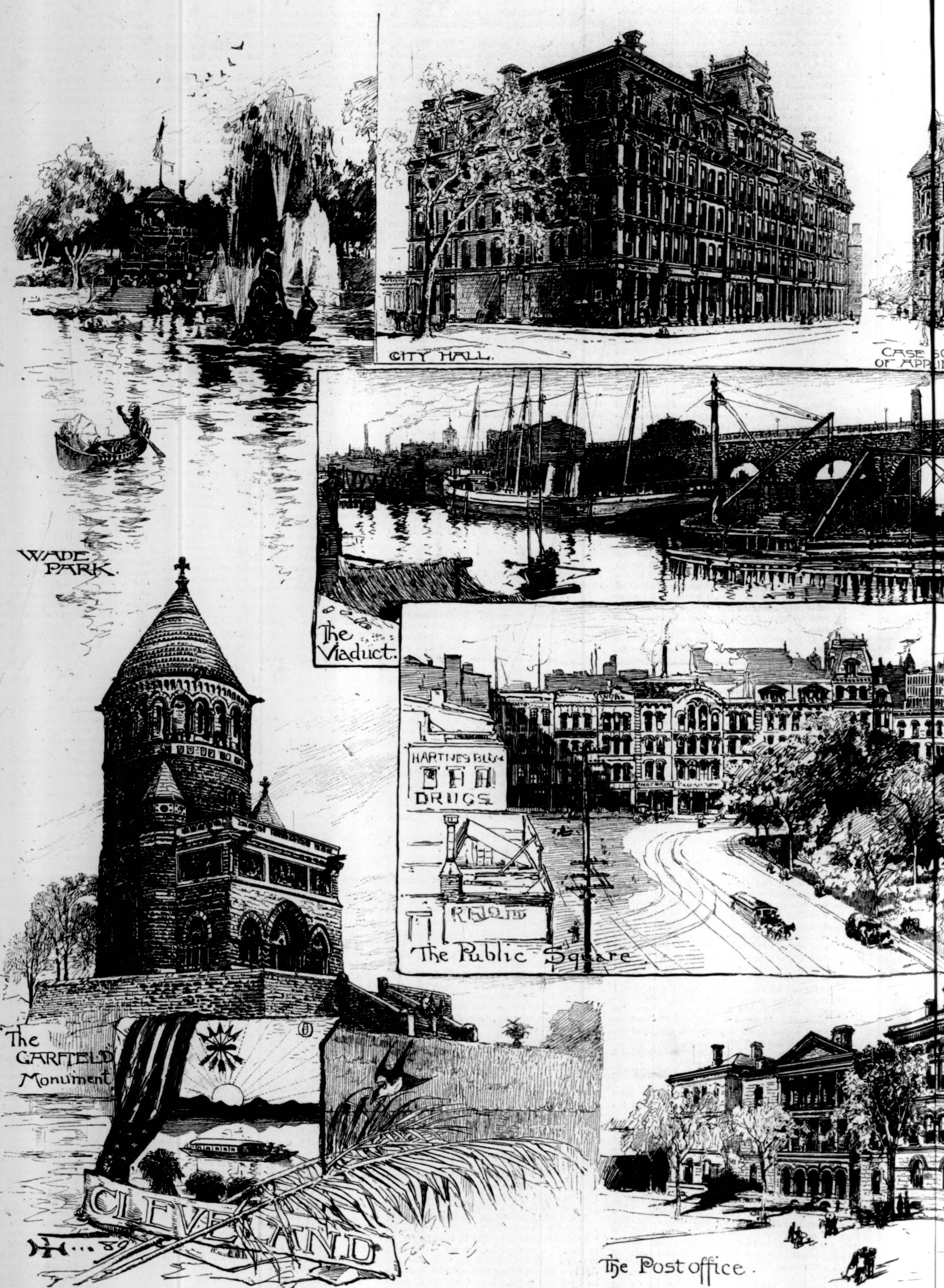
The stage is in the centre of the building, facing Madison Avenue, 50 feet by 25; opposite is a balcony capable of seating thirty musicians, for promenade music, and immediately underneath this a private box, to be used by committees, etc.

The seating capacity of the hall will be for about 1500 people; this includes the boxes, which start from either side of the stage, and encircle the entire auditorium in two tiers, one above the other. The ceiling frame is entirely of iron, covered with papier-maché, and most beautifully and artistically decorated throughout; the crown of the dome in particular, with its delicately traced figures in relief and ivory-tinted—being specially noteworthy for their strength of detail and finish—forming one of the most perfect pieces of plaster-work ever applied to a building of this class. The decorations of the interior of the hall are in the early Italian Renaissance style. The prevailing colors are Venetian red, a delicate shade of blue, and others to harmonize therewith, tastefully ornamented with gold-leaf.

The special feature in the construction of the building is the pains taken to provide for a perfect system of ventilation. This is, or should be, the salient point in every amusement building, but is rarely met in such perfection as in the Lenox Lyceum. In the basement there has been provided a huge cylinder, attached to an eight-foot Sturtevant fan, which furnishes to the storage register pure air in equal proportions of hot and cold. The storage reservoir of hot air consists of a huge tin box placed in a wide closet below the lower tier of boxes, from which the heat is expelled through registers level with the floor and others high up on the walls of the building. On the other side of the basement is another large cylinder with a five-foot Sturtevant fan, and used to expel the foul or impure air; this is first driven into a huge tin box placed under the stage, and from there expelled through a shaft above the level of the roof, on the opposite side from the chimney which receives the pure air. As both these fans are simultaneously at work, the atmosphere is being constantly changed; the result being an even and agreeable temperature. The building will be lighted throughout by gas and electric lamps.

The building is intended to be used for concerts, balls, dinners, and various other public and private assemblages. Mr. John D. Crimmins, the well-known contractor, is the owner and builder of the Lenox Lyceum, which will be ready for use about the 1st of December.

Harry P. Mawson.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CITY HALL.
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The Viaduct.
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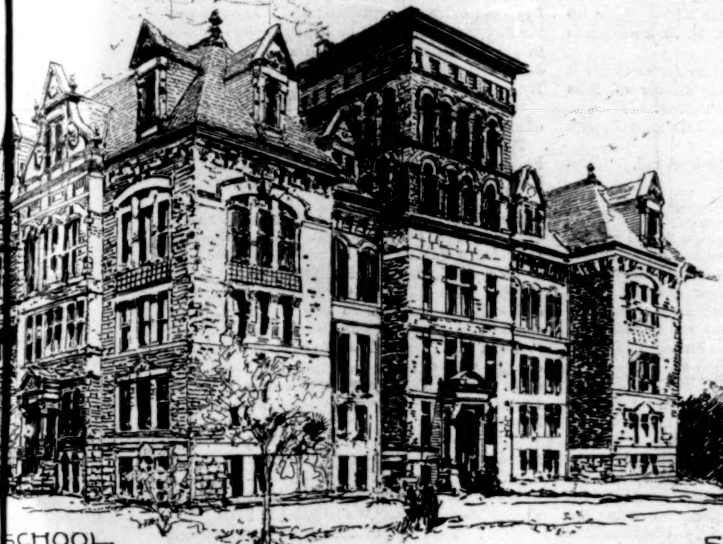
The Public Square
The GARFIELD Monument
CLEVELAND
H... 89
The Post office.

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Drawn by Harry F



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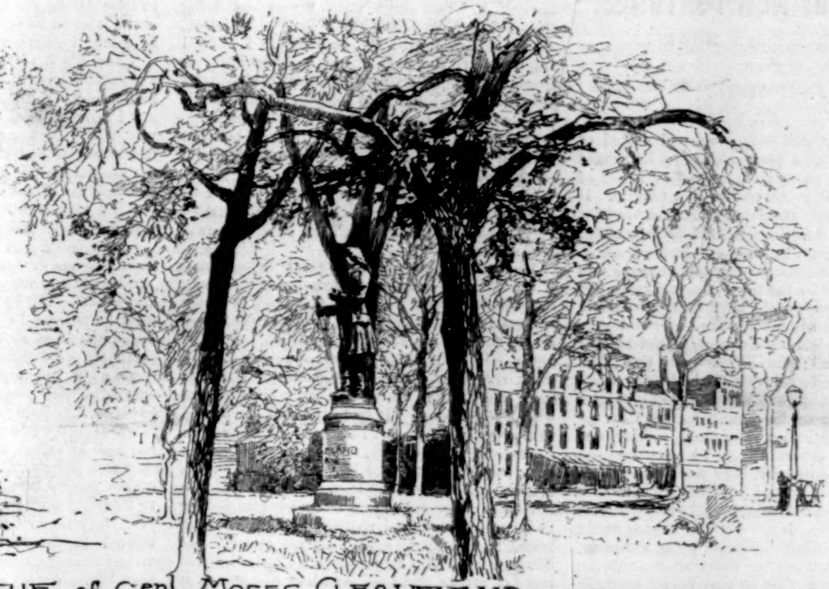

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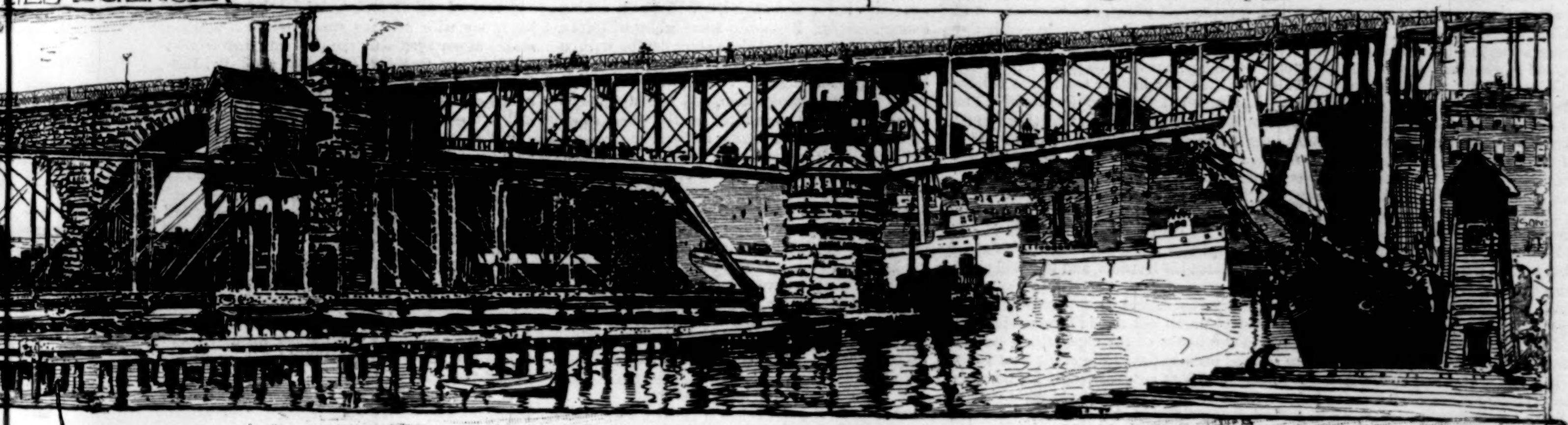

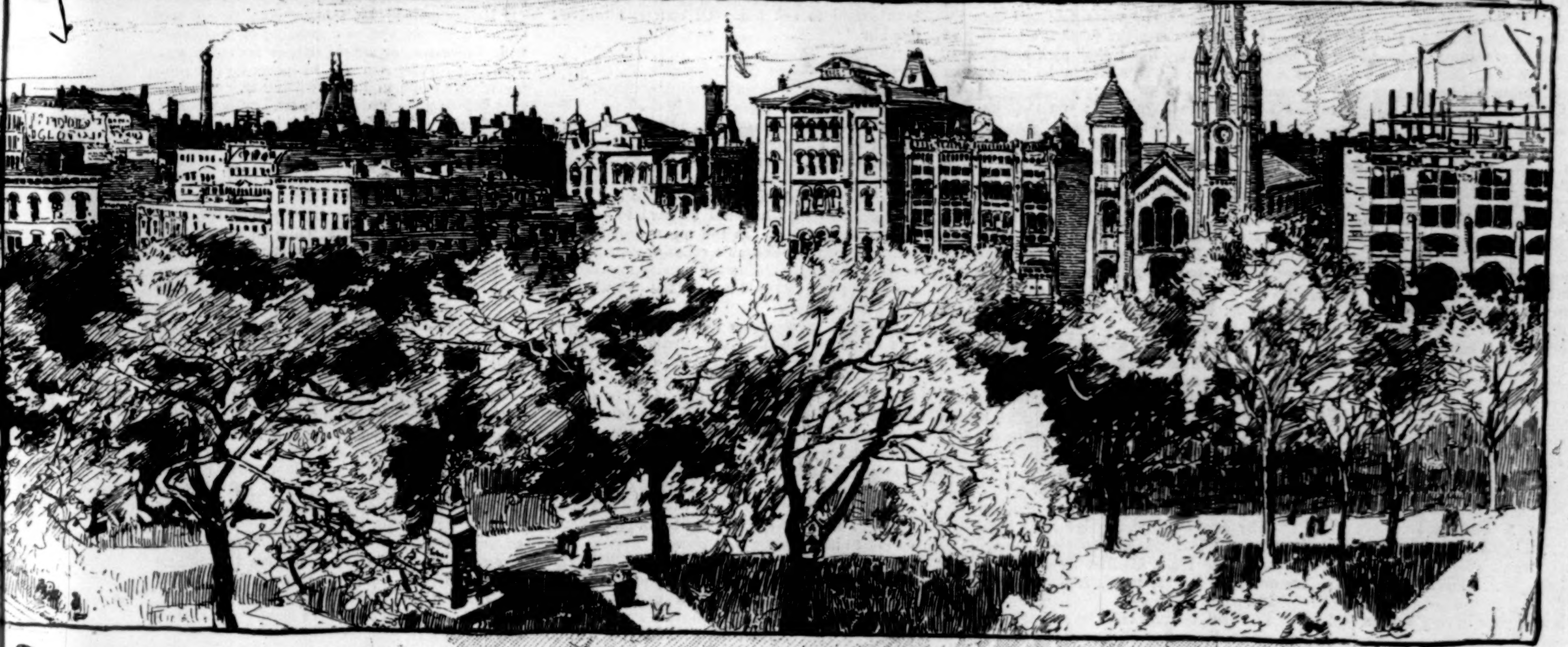

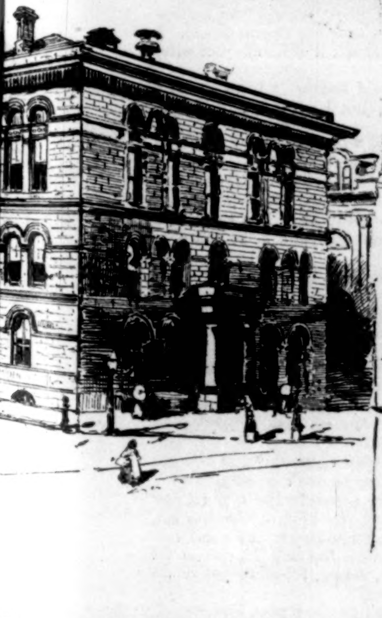

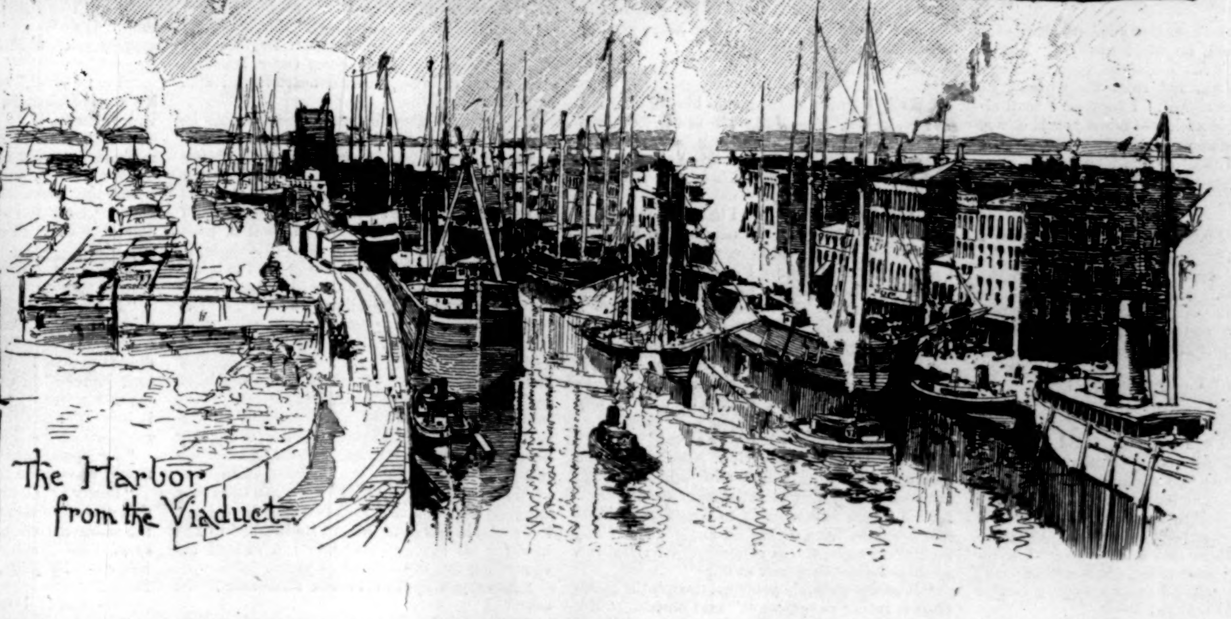

The Harbor
from the Viaduct

Fenn, from Photographs by J. F. Ryder.—[See Page 902.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

XV.

WHILE we are still young we feel a kind of pride, a sort of fierce pleasure, in any important experience, such as we have read of or heard of in the lives of others, no matter how painful. It was this pride, this pleasure, which Beaton now felt in realizing that the toils of fate were about him, that between him and a future of which Christine Dryfoos must be the genius, there was nothing but the will, the mood, the fancy of a girl who had not given him the hope that either could ever again be in his favor. He had nothing to trust to, in fact, but his knowledge that he had once had them all; she did not deny that; but neither did she conceal that he had flung away his power over them, and she had told him that they never could be his again. A man knows that he can love and wholly cease to love, not once merely, but several times; he recognizes the fact in regard to himself, both theoretically and practically; but in regard to women he cherishes the superstition of the romances that love is once for all, and forever. It was because Beaton would not believe that Alma Leighton, being a woman, could put him out of her heart after suffering him to steal into it, that he now hoped anything from her, and she had been so explicit when they last spoke of that affair that he did not hope much. He said to himself that he was going to cast himself on her mercy, to take whatever chance of life, love, and work there was in her having the smallest pity on him. If she would have none, then there was but one thing he could do: marry Christine and go abroad. He did not see how he could bring this alternative to bear upon Alma; even if she knew what he would do in case of a final rejection, he had grounds for fearing she would not care; but he brought it to bear upon himself, and it nerved him to a desperate courage. He could hardly wait for evening to come, before he went to see her; when it came, it seemed to have come too soon. He had wrought himself thoroughly into the conviction that he was in earnest, and that everything depended upon her answer to him, but it was not till he found himself in her presence, and alone with her, that he realized the truth of his conviction. Then the influences of her grace, her gayety, her arch beauty, above all her good sense, penetrated his soul like a subtle intoxication, and he said to himself that he was right; he could not live without her; these attributes of hers were what he needed to win him, to cheer him, to charm him, to guide him. He longed so to please her, to ingratiate himself with her, that he attempted to be light like her, in his talk, but lapsed into abysmal absences, and gloomy recesses of introspection.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, suddenly starting from one of these.

"What you are thinking of."

"It's nothing to laugh at. Do you know what it is I'm thinking of?"

"Don't tell, if it's dreadful."

"Oh, I dare say you wouldn't think it's dreadful," he said, with bitterness. "It's simply the case of a man who has made a fool of himself, and sees no help of retrieval in himself."

"Can any one else help a man unmake a fool of himself?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes. In a case like this."

"Dear me! This is very interesting."

She did not ask him what the case was, but he was launched now, and he pressed on. "I am the man who has made a fool of himself—"

"Oh!"

"And you can help me out if you will. Alma, I wish you could see me as I really am."

"Do you, Mr. Beaton? Perhaps I do."

"No; you don't. You've formulated me in a certain way, and you won't allow for the change that takes place in every one. *You* have changed; why shouldn't I?"

"Has this to do with your having made a fool of yourself?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Then I don't see how you have changed."

She laughed, and he too, ruefully. "You're cruel. Not but what I deserve your mockery. But the change was not from the capacity of making a fool of myself. I suppose I shall always do that more or less—unless you help me. Alma! Why can't you have a little compassion? You know that I must always love you."

"Nothing makes me doubt that like your saying it, Mr. Beaton. But now you've broken your word—"

"You are to blame for that. You knew I couldn't keep it!"

"Yes, I'm to blame. I was wrong to let you come—after that. And so I forgive you for speaking to me in that way again. But it's perfectly impossible and perfectly useless for *me* to hear you any more on that subject; and so—good-by!"

She rose, and he perforce with her. "And do you mean it?" he asked. "Forever?"

"Forever. This is truly the last time I will ever see you if I can help it. Oh, I feel sorry enough for you!" she said with a glance at his face. "I do believe you are in earnest. But it's too late now. Don't let us talk about it any more! But we shall, if we meet, and so—"

"And so, good-by! Well, I've nothing more to say, and I might as well say that. I think you've been very good to me. It seems to me as if you had been—shall I say it?—trying to give me a chance. Is that so?"

She dropped her eyes, and did not answer.

"You found it was no use! Well, I thank you for trying. It's curious to think that I once had your trust, your regard, and now I haven't it. You don't mind my remembering that I had? It 'll be some little consolation, and I believe it will be some help. I know I can't retrieve the past, now. It *is* too late. It seems too preposterous—perfectly lurid—that I could have been going to tell you what a tangle I'd got myself in, and to ask you to help untangle me. I must choke in the infernal coil, but I'd like to have the sweetness of your pity in it—whatever it is."

She put out her hand. "Whatever it is, I do pity you; I said that."

"Thank you." He kissed the hand she gave him and went.

He had gone on some such terms before; was it now for the last time? She believed it was. She felt in herself a satiety, a fatigue, in which his good looks, his invented airs and poses, his real trouble, were all alike repulsive. She did not acquit herself of the wrong of having let him think she might yet have liked him as she once did; but she had been honestly willing to see whether she could. It had mystified her to find that when they first met in New York, after their summer in St. Barnaby, she cared nothing for him; she had expected to punish him for his neglect, and then fancy him as before, but she did not. More and more she saw him selfish and mean, weak-willed, narrow-minded, and hard-hearted; and aimless, with all his talent. She admired his talent in proportion as she learned more of artists, and perceived how uncommon it was; but she said to herself that if she were going to devote herself to art, she would do it at first hand. She was perfectly serene and happy in her final rejection of Beaton; he had worn out not only her fancy, but her sympathy too.

This was what her mother would not believe when Alma reported the interview to her; she would not believe it was the last time they should meet; death itself can hardly convince us that it is the last time of anything, of everything, between ourselves and the dead. "Well, Alma," she said, "I hope you'll never regret what you've done."

"You may be sure I shall not regret it. If ever I'm low-spirited about anything, I'll think of giving Mr. Beaton his freedom, and that will cheer me up."

"And don't you expect to get married? Do you intend to be an old maid?" demanded her mother, in the bonds of the superstition women have so long been under to the effect that every woman must wish to get married, if for no other purpose than to avoid being an old maid.

"Well, mamma," said Alma, "I intend being a young one for a few years yet; and then I'll see. If I meet the right person, all well and good; if not, not. But I shall pick and choose, as a man does; I won't merely be picked and chosen."

"You can't help yourself; you may be very glad if you *are* picked and chosen."

"What nonsense, mamma! A girl can get any man she wants, if she goes about it the right way. And when *my* 'fated fairy prince' comes along, I shall just simply make furious love to him, and grab him. Of course, I shall make a decent pretence of talking in my sleep. I believe it's done that way, more than half the time. The fated fairy prince wouldn't *see* the princess in nine cases out of ten if she didn't say something; he would go mooning along after the maids of honor."

Mrs. Leighton tried to look unspeakable horror; but she broke down and laughed. "Well, you are a strange girl, Alma."

"I don't know about that. But one thing I *do* know, mamma, and that is that Prince Beaton isn't the F. F. P. for *me*. How strange *you* are, mamma! Don't you think it would be perfectly *disgusting* to accept a person you didn't care for, and let him go on and love you and marry you? It's sickening."

"Why certainly, Alma. It's only because I know you *did* care for him once—"

"And now I don't. And he *didn't* care for me once, and now he does. And so we're quits."

"If I could believe—"

"You had better brace up and try, mamma; for, as Mr. Fulkerson says, it's as sure as guns. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he's loathsome to me; and he keeps getting loathsomer. Ugh! Good-night!"

XVI.

"Well, I guess she's given him the grand bounce, at last," said Fulkerson to March in one of their moments of confidence at the office. "That's Mad's inference from appearances—and disappearances; and some little hints from Ma Leighton."

"Well, I don't know that I have any criticisms to offer," said March. "It may be bad for Beaton, but it's a very good thing for Miss Leighton. Upon the whole I believe I congratulate her."

"Well, I don't know. I always kind of hoped it would turn out the other way. You know I always had a sneaking fondness for the fellow."

"Miss Leighton seems not to have had."

"It's a pity she hadn't. I tell you, March, it ain't so easy for a girl to get married, here in the East, that she can afford to despise any chance."

"Isn't that rather a low view of it?"

"It's a common-sense view. Beaton has the making of a first-rate fellow in him. He's the raw material of a great artist and a good citizen. All he wants is somebody to take him in hand and keep him from makin' an ass of himself and kickin' over the traces generally, and ridin' two or three horses bareback at once."

"It seems a simple problem, though the metaphor is rather complicated," said March. "But talk to Miss Leighton about it. *I* haven't given Beaton the grand bounce."

He began to turn over the manuscripts on his table, and Fulkerson went away. But March found himself thinking of the matter from time to time during the day, and he spoke to his wife about it when he went home. She surprised him by taking Fulkerson's view of it.

"Yes, it's a pity she couldn't have made up her mind to have him. It's better for a woman to be married."

"I thought Paul only went so far as to say it was well. But what would become of Miss Leighton's artistic career if she married?"

"Oh, her artistic career!" said Mrs. March, with matronly contempt of it.

"But look here!" cried her husband. "Suppose she doesn't like him?"

"How can a girl of that age tell whether she likes any one or not?"

"It seems to me *you* were able to tell at that age, Isabel. But let's examine this thing. (This thing! I believe Fulkerson is characterizing my whole parlance, as well as your morals.) Why shouldn't we rejoice as much at a non-marriage as a marriage? When we consider the enormous risks people take in linking their lives together, after not half so much thought as goes to an ordinary horse trade, I think we ought to be glad whenever they don't do it. I believe that this popular demand for the matrimony of others comes from our novel-reading. We get to thinking that there is no other happiness or good fortune in life except marriage; and it's offered in fiction as the highest premium for virtue, courage, beauty, learning, and saving human life. We all know it isn't. We know that in reality marriage is dog-cheap, and anybody can have it for the asking—if he keeps asking enough people. By-and-by some fellow will wake up and see that a first-class story can be written from the anti-marriage point of view; and he'll begin with an engaged couple, and devote his novel to *dis*engaging them, and rendering them separately happy ever after in the dénoûment. It will make his everlasting fortune."

"Why don't *you* write it, Basil?" she asked. "It's a delightful idea. You could do it splendidly."

He became fascinated with the notion. He developed it in detail; but at the end he sighed and said, "With this *Every Other Week* work on my hands, of course I can't attempt a novel. But perhaps I sha'n't have it long."

She was instantly anxious to know what he meant, and the novel and Miss Leighton's affair were both dropped out of their thoughts. "What do you mean? Has Mr. Fulkerson said anything yet?"

"Not a word. He knows no more about it than I do. Dryfoos hasn't spoken, and we're both afraid to ask him. Of course, I *couldn't* ask him."

"No."

"But it's pretty uncomfortable, to be kept hanging by the gills, so, as Fulkerson says."

"Yes; we don't know what to do."

March and Fulkerson said the same to each other; and Fulkerson said that if the old man pulled out, he did not know what would happen. He had no capital to carry the thing on, and the very fact that the old man had pulled out would damage it so that it would be hard to get anybody else to put it. In the mean time Fulkerson was running Conrad's office-work, when he ought to be looking after the outside interests of the thing; and he could not see the day when he could get married.

"I don't know which it's worse for, March: you or me. I don't know, under the circumstances, whether it's worse to have a family or to want to have one. Of course—of course! We can't hurry the old man up. It wouldn't be decent, and it would be dangerous. We got to wait."

He almost decided to draw upon Dryfoos for some money; he did not need any, but he said maybe the demand would act as a hint upon him. One day, about a week after Alma's final rejection of Beaton, Dryfoos came into March's office. Fulkerson was out, but the old man seemed not to have tried to see him.

He put his hat on the floor by his chair, after he sat down, and looked at March awhile with his old eyes, which had the vitreous glitter of old eyes stimulated to sleeplessness. Then he said abruptly, "Mr. March, how would you like to take this thing off my hands?"

"I don't understand, exactly," March began; but of course he understood that Dryfoos was offering to let him have *Every Other Week*, on some terms or other, and his heart leaped with hope.

The old man knew he understood, and so he did not explain. He said: "I am going to Europe, to take my family there. The doctor thinks it might do my wife some good; and I ain't very well myself, and my girls both want to go; and so we're goin'. If you want to take this thing off my hands, I reckon I can let you have it in 'most any shape you say. You're all settled here, in New York, and I don't suppose you want to break up, much, at your time of life, and I've been thinkin' whether you wouldn't like to take the thing."

The word, which Dryfoos had now used three times, made March at last think of Fulkerson; he had been filled too full of himself to think of any one else till he had mastered the notion of such wonderful good fortune as seemed about falling to him. But now, he did think of Fulkerson, and with some shame and confusion; for he remembered how when Dryfoos had last approached him there on the business of his connection with *Every Other Week*, he had been very haughty with him, and told him that he did not know him in this connection. He blushed to find how far his thoughts had now run without encountering this obstacle of etiquette.

"Have you spoken to Mr. Fulkerson?" he asked.

"No, I hain't. It ain't a question of management. It's a question of buying and selling. I offer the thing to you, first. I reckon Fulkerson couldn't get on very well without you."

March saw the real difference in the two cases, and he was glad to see it, because he could act more decisively if not hampered by an obligation to consistency. "I am gratified, of course, Mr. Dryfoos; extremely gratified; and it's no use pretending that I shouldn't be happy beyond bounds to get possession of *Every Other Week*. But I don't feel quite free to talk about it, apart from Mr. Fulkerson."

"Oh, all right!" said the old man, with quick offence.

March hastened to say, "I feel bound to Mr. Fulkerson in every way. He got me to come here, and I couldn't even *seem* to act without him."

He put it questioningly, and the old man answered, "Yes, I can see that. When 'll he be in? I can wait." But he looked impatient.

"Very soon, now," said March, looking at his watch. "He was only to be gone a moment," and while he went on to talk with Dryfoos, he wondered why the old man should have come first to speak with him, and whether it was from some obscure wish to make him reparation for displeasures in the past, or from a distrust or dislike of Fulkerson. Whichever light he looked at it in, it was flattering.

"Do you think of going abroad soon?" he asked.

"What? Yes—I don't know—I reckon. We got our passage engaged. It's on one of them French boats. We're goin' to Paris."

"Oh! That will be interesting to the young ladies."

"Yes. I reckon we're goin' for them. 'Tain't likely my wife and me would want to pull up stakes at our age," said the old man, sorrowfully.

"But you may find it do you good, Mr. Dryfoos," said March, with a kindness that was real, mixed as it was with the selfish interest he now had in the intended voyage.

"Well, maybe, maybe," sighed the old man; and he dropped his head forward. "It don't make a great deal of difference what we do or we don't do, for the few years left."

"I hope Mrs. Dryfoos is as well as usual?" said March, finding the ground delicate and difficult.

"Middlin', middlin'," said the old man. "My daughter Christine, she ain't very well."

"Oh," said March. It was quite impossible for him to affect a more explicit interest in the fact. He and Dryfoos sat silent for a few moments, and he was vainly casting about in his thought for something else which would tide them over the interval till Fulkerson came, when he heard his step on the stairs.

"Hello, hello!" he said. "Meeting of the clans!" It was always a meeting of the clans, with Fulkerson, or a field day, or an extra session, or a regular conclave, whenever he saw people of any common interest together. "Hain't seen you here for a good while, Mr. Dryfoos. *Did* think some of running away with *Every Other Week*, one while, but couldn't seem to work March up to the point."

He gave Dryfoos his hand, and pushed aside the papers on the corner of March's desk, and sat down there, and went on briskly with the nonsense he could always talk, while he was waiting for another to develop any matter of business; he told March afterward that he scented business in the air as soon as he came into the room where he and Dryfoos were sitting.

Dryfoos seemed determined to leave the word to March, who said, after an inquiring look at him, "Mr. Dryfoos has been proposing to let us have *Every Other Week*, Fulkerson."

"Well, that's good; that suits yours truly; March & Fulkerson, publishers and proprietors, won't pretend it don't, *if* the terms are all right."

"The terms," said the old man, "are whatever you want 'em. I haven't got any more use for the concern—" He gulped, and stopped; they knew what he was thinking of, and they looked down, in pity. He went on. "I woon't put any more money in it; but what I've put in a'ready, can stay; and you can pay me four per cent."

He got upon his feet; and March and Fulkerson stood, too.

"Well, I call that pretty white," said Fulkerson. "It's a bargain, as far as I'm concerned. I suppose you'll want to talk it over with your wife, March?"

"Yes; I shall," said March. "I can see that it's a great chance; but I want to talk it over with my wife."

"Well, that's right," said the old man. "Let me hear from you to-morrow."

He went out, and Fulkerson began to dance round the room. He caught March about his stalwart girth and tried to make him waltz; the office boy came to the door, and looked on with approval.

"Come, come, you idiot!" said March, rooting himself to the carpet.

"It's just throwing the thing into our mouths," said Fulkerson. "The wedding will be this day week. No cards! Teedle-lumpty-diddle! Teedle-lumpty-dee! What do you suppose he *means* by it, March?" he asked, bringing himself soberly up, of a sudden. "What is his little game? Or is he crazy? It don't seem like the Dryfoos of *my* previous acquaintance."

"I suppose," March suggested, "that he's got money enough, so that he don't care for this—"

"Pshaw! You're a poet! Don't you know that the more money that kind of man has got, the more he cares for money? It's some fancy of his—like having Lindau's funeral at his house— By jings, March, I believe *you're* his fancy!"

"Oh, now! Don't *you* be a poet, Fulkerson!"

"I do! He seemed to take a kind of shine to you from the day you wouldn't turn off old Lindau; he did indeed. It kind of shook him up. It made him think you had something *in* you. He was deceived by appearances. Look here! I'm going round to see Mrs. March with you, and explain the thing to her. I *know* Mrs. March! She wouldn't believe you knew what you were going in for. She has a great respect for your mind, but she don't think you've got any sense. Heigh?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"All right," said March, glad of the notion; and it was really a comfort to have Fulkerson with him to develop all the points; and it was delightful to see how clearly and quickly she seized them; it made March proud of her. She was only angry that they had lost any time in coming to submit so plain a case to her. Mr. Dryfoos might change his mind in the night, and then everything would be lost. They must go to him instantly, and tell him that they accepted; they must telegraph him.

"Might as well send a district messenger; he'd get there next week," said Fulkerson. "No, no! It'll all keep till to-morrow, and be the better for it. If he's got this fancy for March, as I say, he ain't agoing to change it in a single night. People don't change their fancies for March in a lifetime. Heigh?"

When Fulkerson turned up very early at the office, next morning, as March did, he was less strenuous about Dryfoos's fancy for March. It was as if Miss Woodburn might have blown cold upon that theory, as something unjust to his own merit, for which she would naturally be more jealous than he.

March told him, what he had forgotten to tell him the day before, though he had been trying, all through their excited talk, to get it in; that the Dryfooses were going abroad.

"Oh, ho!" cried Fulkerson. "*That's* the milk in the cocoanut, is it? Well, I *thought* there must be something."

But this fact had not changed Mrs. March at all in her conviction that it was Mr. Dryfoos's fancy for her husband which had moved him to make him this extraordinary offer, and she reminded him that it had first been made to him, without regard to Fulkerson. "And perhaps," she went on, "Mr. Dryfoos has been changed—softened; and doesn't find money all in all, any more. He's had enough to change him, poor old man!"

"Does anything from without change us?" her husband mused aloud. "We're brought up to think so by the novelists, who really have the charge of people's thinking, nowadays. But I doubt it, especially if the thing outside is some great event, something cataclysmal, like this tremendous sorrow of Dryfoos's."

"Then what *is* it that changes us?" demanded his wife, almost angry with him for his heresy.

"Well, it won't do to say, the Holy Spirit indwelling. That would sound like cant at this day. But the old fellows that used to say that had some glimpses of the truth. They knew that it is the still, small voice that the soul heeds; not the deafening blasts of doom. I suppose I should have to say that we didn't change at all. We develop. There's the making of several characters in each of us; we *are* each several characters, and sometimes this character has the lead in us, and sometimes that. From what Fulkerson has told me of Dryfoos I should say he had always had the potentiality of better things in him than he has ever been yet; and perhaps the time has come for the good to have its chance. The growth in one direction has stopped; it's begun in another; that's all. The man hasn't been changed by his son's death; it stunned, it benumbed him; but it couldn't change him. It was an event, like any other, and it had to happen as much as his being born. It was forecast from the beginning of time, and was as entirely an effect of his coming into the world—"

"Basil! Basil!" cried his wife. "This is fatalism!"

"Then you think," he said, "that a sparrow falls to the ground *without* the will of God?" and he laughed provokingly. But he went on more soberly. "*I* don't know what it all means, Isabel, though I believe it means good. What did Christ himself say? That if one rose from the dead it would not avail. And yet we are always looking for the miraculous! I believe that unhappy old man truly grieves for his son, whom he treated cruelly without the final intention of cruelty, for he loved him and wished to be proud of him; but I don't think his death has changed him, any more than the smallest event in the chain of events remotely working through his nature from the beginning. But why do you think he's changed at all? Because he offers to sell me *Every Other Week* on easy terms? He says himself that he has no further use for the thing; and he knows perfectly well that he couldn't get his money out of it now, without an enormous shrinkage. He couldn't appear at this late day as the owner, and sell it to anybody but Fulkerson and me for a fifth of what it's cost him. He *can* sell it to us for *all* it's cost him; and four per cent. is no bad interest on his money till we can pay it back. It's a good thing for us; but we have to ask whether Dryfoos has done us the good; or whether it's the blessing of heaven. If it's merely the blessing of heaven, I don't propose being grateful for it."

March laughed again, and his wife said, "It's disgusting."

"It's business," he assented. "Business is business; but I don't say it isn't disgusting. Lindau had a low opinion of it."

"I think that with all his faults, Mr. Dryfoos is a better man than Lindau," she proclaimed.

"Well, he's certainly able to offer us a better thing in *Every Other Week*," said March.

She knew he was enamored of the literary finish of his cynicism, and that at heart he was as humbly and truly grateful as she was for the good fortune opening to them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW EXHIBITS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

NEW YORK has reason to be proud of the growing value of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Each reopening has provided the public with new collections of interest, and this autumn there is an unusual amount added—the architectural exhibit, a fresh collection of musical instruments, and a fine group of mediæval iron-work. The $75,000 bequeathed by Levy Willard has been used very judiciously by the committee, and the result gives the public about one thousand specimens in cast and sculpture.

Immediately to the right of the main entrance-door may be found types of Egyptian architecture; the next alcove takes one north to Syria, and from thence we may travel up to Phœnicia. The most important collection is Greek. We can follow the growth of the world around the hall, and find in succession architectural history displayed in Roman, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance specimens. A few casts only could be given in the accompanying illustrations—the noble Greek pandrosion portico of the Erechtheum, a portion of the cloister of St. John Lateran, and a fine Roman altar found at Ostia.

The museum was already quite rich in its fine collection of musical instruments, but the additions are of great value. The Drexel exhibit is largely made up of European instruments, whereas the new Brown collection is mainly Oriental and aboriginal. The charm-workers of the American Indian Orpheus should be of especial interest.

The iron-work shows mainly German specimens, with some French, and is confined to locks, bolts, hinges, and key-plates. They are the work of artists rather than artisans. In the old days, before Chubbs and combinations baffled the insidious burglar, he had to be impressed by the massive solidity of the barrier between himself and his heart's desire, and he certainly should have been awed by the bulkiness of some of the superb specimens of hammer-work that have been handed down for the delectation of a more advanced age, where the artist and the artisan have changed places. There are gorgeous gold keys that might unlock fairy-land, and elegant hammered tracery applied by rivets to key plates in the days when a man's house was his castle. HARRY FENN.

CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD.

FOR the second consecutive season the players of the New York Base-ball Club have won the proud title of champions of the world, and it is acknowledged on all hands that they have won it fairly by hard work and consummate skill.

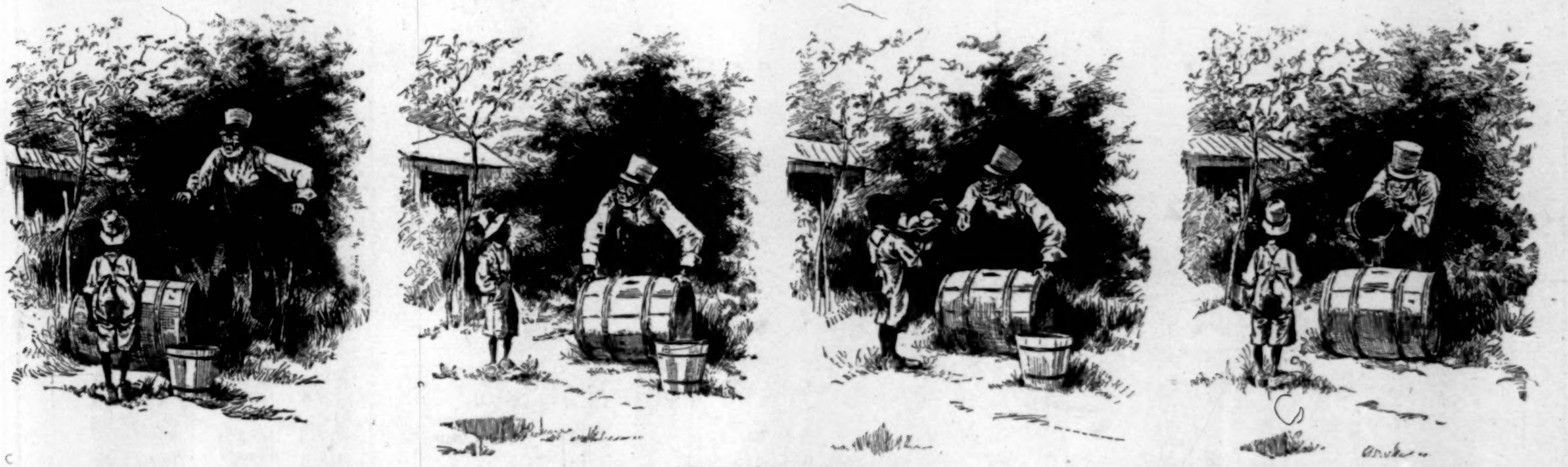
In the series of World's Championship games just ended, the Brooklyn club did better than many New-Yorkers expected, and made a hard struggle. An analysis of the games, however, shows that they were outplayed at all points. The general fielding record shows an average of 91.4 per cent. for New York, and 90.5 per cent. for Brooklyn; while the batting record reveals a still greater discrepancy, the percentages being respectively 30.1 and 21.6. The New York club really had harder work to win the League pennant this year than the World's pennant afterward. The Boston team staid with them neck and neck until the finish, and the loss of two more games would have put New York in second place. It was the closest race ever known in the history of the League. There is no doubt that Boston has the second best club in the country.

It was in 1883 that the New York club entered the League. That year it finished sixth. In 1884 it was fifth; in 1885, second; in 1886, third; and in 1887, fourth. Last year it occupied a low position until about the middle of the season, and then took a spurt that landed it in first place in less than two months. This year it has been first or second throughout the most of the season. The credit for the remarkable record of the club during the past two years must be ascribed in large measure to Captain William Ewing, more familiarly known to base-ball lovers as "Buck." The spurt of last year began from the time that he went behind the bat and staid there. He has caught in more games during the past two years than any other man in the country. He has made more base hits and more runs and stolen more bases than any other catcher. His career as captain only began about two years ago. The club had had good captains before, notably John Ward; but somehow the members of the team did not work together as they should, and while they were excellent individual players, they lost games through a lack of *esprit de corps*. At the present time there is not a team in the country whose members work together better, and play less for individual brilliancy or more for the good of the whole, than the New York.

In his capacity as captain, Ewing aims always to put into the field the best team he can for that particular occasion. He shows admirable judgment in selecting his men, and especially in assigning his pitchers against other clubs. Every club has its "terror" in the pitcher's box. One may be able to hit Keefe, but not to gauge Crane successfully; while against a third O'Day or Welch may prove most effective. Ewing is a good coach too. He kicks against any sharp practice by the other side promptly and effectively, and against the umpire's decision, if there is any good excuse for such a course. He watches chances carefully, encourages base runners judiciously, and employs signs that are not known to the opponents, and that are often directly at variance with his spoken words.

The position of catcher used to be considered years ago the most important on the team, and the catcher was almost always the captain. More recently the place has lost some of its prestige. Notwithstanding its apparent difficulty, there are more good catchers than good third-base-men, second-base-men, or short-stops, and the law of demand and supply has raised the price of good infielders as compared with catchers. In Ewing's hands, however, the place regains all its pristine importance. Every player feels that the man behind the bat is in command of the field. Every fielder can see him and watch his signs, and every one feels an absolute confidence that no balls will go by him, and that if he throws the ball it will go straight to its intended destination. Ewing throws very hard, but second-base-men say that his balls are easier to hold than other catchers'. No doubt this is partly because they are thrown so accurately. It was a fitting end to the World's Championship series that the last put out should be made by a throw of Ewing's to second base.

There is one catcher who has a smaller percentage of errors than Ewing for the season's work; but Ewing has more than twice as many "assists" as the other, and has stopped probably twice as many wild pitches. It is one thing to get a good percentage by avoiding errors, and quite another to attain one and still try for every possible chance. Ewing does not play for his record, but to win games. He is the "King of Catchers," and ranks among captains along with Harry Wright and Adrian C. Anson.



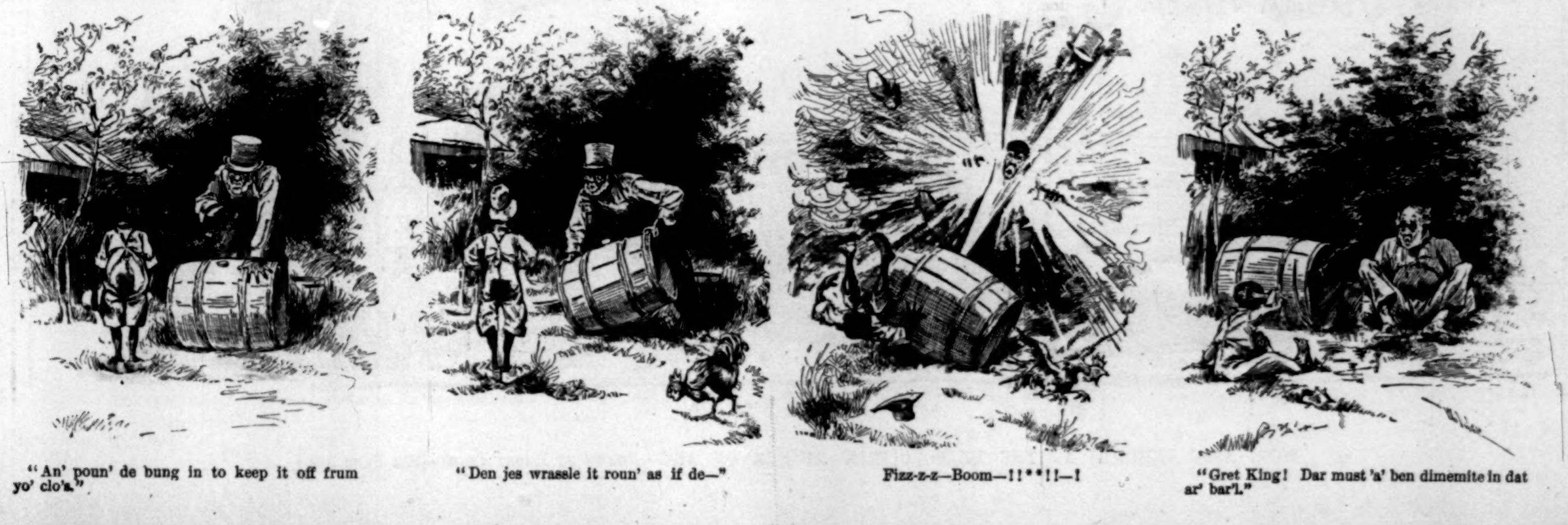
A LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.

"Wot yer doin', chile? Tryin' to rense out dat bar'l wid common water? Waal I spec's yer ain't t' blame fer wot yer dunno."

"Jes yo' run roun' to de shed an' git two or free hunks er lime outer my whitewash pail, an' yo' uncle Rastus 'l show yo' *how* to rense a bar'l."

"Now lime am de gretest thing fer cleanin' yo' eber seed. So first put in de lime."

"*Den* put in yo' water."

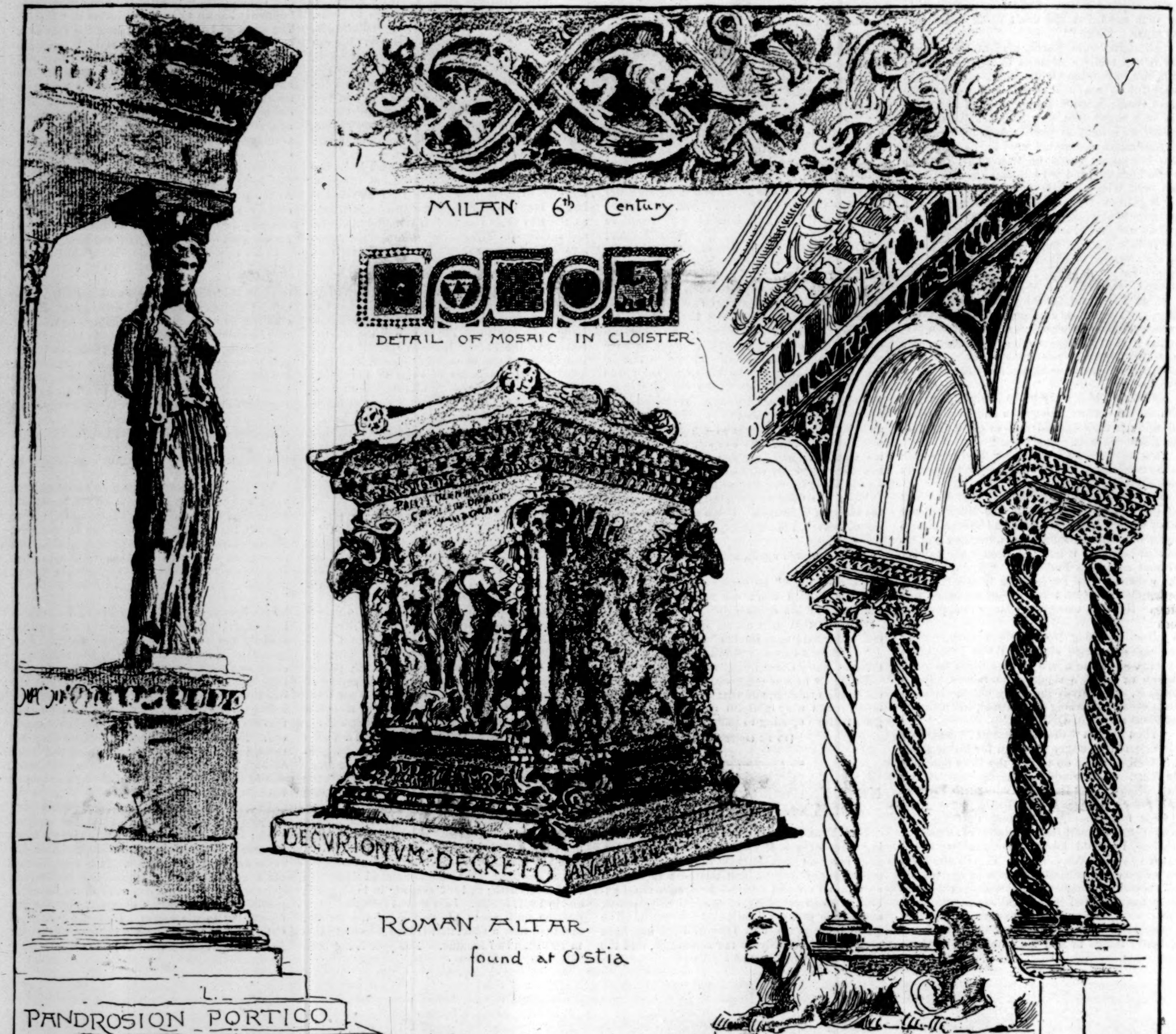


"An' poun' de bung in to keep it off frum yo' clo's."

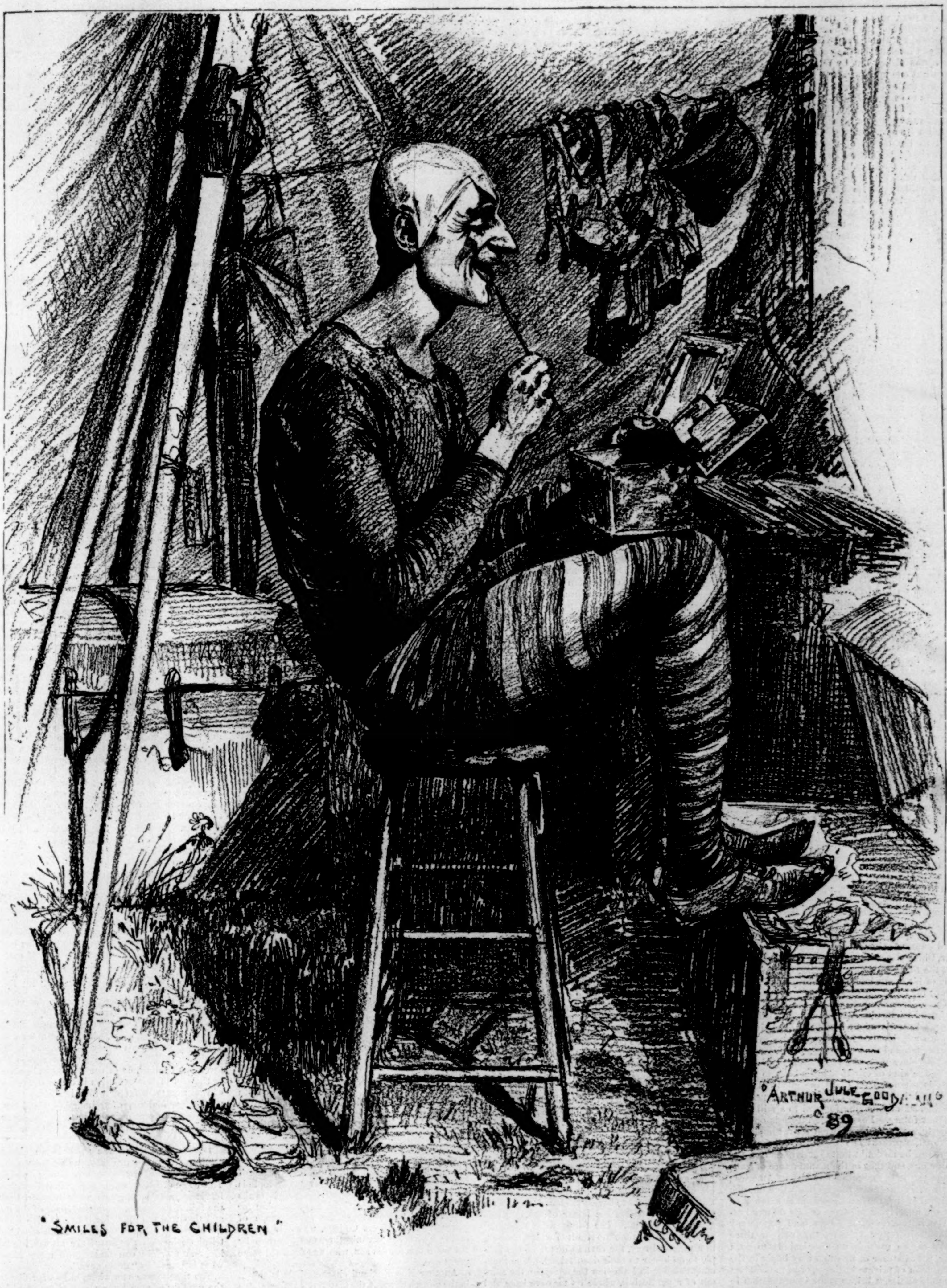
"Den jes wrassle it roun' as if de—"

Fizz-z-z—Boom—!!**!!—!

"Gret King! Dar must 'a' ben dimemite in dat ar' bar'l."


MILAN 6th Century
DETAIL OF MOSAIC IN CLOISTER
DECVRIONVM DECRETO
ROMAN ALTAR found at Ostia
PANDROSION PORTICO OF THE ERECHTHEUM
PART OF CLOISTER ST JOHN LATERAN ROME
Mediæval Iron work
Siam
India
China
Specimens of the new collection of musical instruments

SOME NEW EXHIBITS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 899.]



"SMILES FOR THE CHILDREN"

IN THE WAKE OF A CIRCUS.

(*Continued from page 888, Supplement.*)

"If I only had a little more light," said he, "I think I could manage a farewell sketch." No sooner said than done. The Triple Horizontal Bar went out the side of the carry-all, returning at once with a lantern.

"I swiped one of Pop's lights," said he; "Pop's asleep."

"To think," whispered the Artist, "that 'the swiper' is he I saw one evening reading, with tears in his eyes, a letter from home!"

The lantern, held by Old Hayseed, lit up the drums, stored in the carry-all for the night. It was two o'clock by the chimes when we brushed under the dripping elms of the next town. The stars were bright as ever, the garden posies as fragrant; the lantern burned still, the Artist sketched on. Surrounded by so much good-will, he declared he could have sketched in the dark. Piano, pianissimo, died away the final, inappropriate song, "Home, Sweet Home," as we tiptoed into the parlor of the inn, and gave a ghostly art exhibition of all the sketches by the light of a single kerosene lamp—a reception held in whispers save for the prohibition popping of sarsaparilla and ginger-beer.

It was with friendly feeling, and not without respect, that we said good-night and good-by to these people, so brave in their own sufferings, so easily moved by the troubles of others; so harmless in their innocent jealousies, so sincere in generous impulse. The Clown made a pretty speech at parting, closing with the lines:

"Like unto two bits of drift-wood tossed on life's raging main,
We meet and greet and sever, perhaps never to meet again."

Next morning, on the railroad train, we rubbed our eyes and looked at the sketches to make sure we had not been dreaming. Even then it all seemed like something we had read a long time ago; only, when I pass a nice level lot on upper Fifth Avenue, I find myself saying, "That would be a capital site for the circus tent." And nowadays, when it rains hard, the Artist begins to worry, and exclaims, "Dear me! I am afraid that will go through the canvas."

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

As far back in American history as the troubled time immediately preceding the French and Indian war, while yet the stubborn red men were contesting the pioneer settlement of western New York and Pennsylvania, the site of the city of Cleveland, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, was picked out by far-sighted men as an excellent one upon which to build a town to handle the trade of the Great Lakes. The first man of note to suggest the building of Cleveland was Benjamin Franklin, who, in offering in his Philadelphia newspaper a plan for the defence of the English frontiers, proposed, among other things, that at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River "a post should be formed and a town erected for the trade of the lakes." As the English colonists at that particular time were in no condition to plant military posts and build towns in so remote and barbaric a region as the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, the suggestion was not acted upon, nor was anything done toward utilizing so good a town site until long after the Revolutionary war.

The Indians and Indian traders of the Lake Erie region had made use of the Cuyahoga River for the purpose of trading with Pittsburgh for many years, but the first attempt at a systematic form of land and water traffic was made in 1786, when a Pittsburgh firm sent ninety pack-horses and thirty men to the mouth of the Cuyahoga with a consignment of flour to be shipped to Detroit. The flour was forwarded to Detroit in a sail-boat. The men engaged in the work built a small cabin on the river-bank near what is now the foot of Superior Street, Cleveland.

Although this may be claimed as the beginning of the business career of Cleveland, yet the actual work was not taken in hand until July, 1796. In 1795 the Legislature of Connecticut sold three million acres of the Western Reserve, adjoining the western border of Pennsylvania, to a number of men who subsequently formed the Connecticut Land Company, of which General Moses Cleaveland, of Canterbury, Connecticut, was one of the leading directors. General Cleaveland was placed at the head of a surveying party in the spring of 1796, and sent to survey the lands east of the Cuyahoga River, and to lay out a town on the best available spot. Upon reaching the eastern edge of the Reserve the surveyors set to work, while General Cleaveland and a few others continued on to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where they established the party's head-quarters. A cabin was built on the bank of the river, where, ten years prior, the Pittsburgh traders had pitched their summer camp. The traders' cabin had disappeared, but a dilapidated log-house, presumably the property originally of the Northwestern Fur Company, was found standing on the opposite side of the river. Another cabin stood on the lake shore, near the foot of what is now Willson Avenue, where a party of shipwrecked fur traders had passed the winter of 1786-7. With General Cleaveland were Mr. and Mrs. Job P. Stiles, who thus became the first family to settle in Cuyahoga County. Mr. Stiles had charge of the company's stores, and, it may be inferred, his wife did the cooking for the party.

The work of choosing a town site was not difficult. General Cleaveland selected a tract of land at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, and without delay set surveyors to work at laying out the new town. The principal streets of the present city of Cleveland were thus brought into existence. General Cleaveland gave the new place his name; but its inhabitants of a later generation, for reasons not clearly known, omitted the "a" from the first syllable of the word. Having named the town and finished his surveys, General Cleaveland left for home, with his party, before the close of October. The only persons who remained behind as settlers of the town were Mr. and Mrs. Stiles and an Indian trader, whose place was subsequently taken by Edward Paine, afterward known as General Paine, founder of Painesville, Ohio. General Cleaveland never afterward saw the town that bore his name, but up to the time of his death, in 1806, he always had a keen regard for its welfare.

These interesting details of the early life of Cleveland might be continued almost indefinitely, and good stories might be told of local rivalries and other incidents of frontier growth to serve as a background to the present; but those things are long since past, and the Cleveland of to-day is not the kind of city that looks back to regret what is often spoken of as the good old days. Cleveland is living very much in the present, and incidentally looking forward to a still more brilliant future. Possibly the future is open to conjecture, yet the justification for a complacent view of the present is reasonably well founded. There can be no doubt that Cleveland is rich and prosperous, and that in the manufacture of some things she is the equal of any city in America; yet, in estimating the progressive value of such a state of affairs, the fact should not be overlooked that the underlying principle of this material affluence is conservatism. Cleveland people say of themselves that they "think two or three times" before making up their minds to do a thing, yet whatever of loss this may imply in the prosecution of private business, or in the conduct of public affairs, it brings some compensation in the way of financial safety and mercantile credit, each of which is of value to any community, and especially to a manufacturing city like Cleveland. Possibly the city's conservatism may have had some effect in attracting manufacturing concerns, and so building up a strong industrial community; yet I am inclined to think that the location of the place, and its nearness to coal lands, mineral deposits, and lumber forests had more to do with it. Herein exists a peculiar condition of urban growth. From its geographical situation, Cleveland was originally considered to be a prominent commercial and shipping point, yet so little was ever done, apparently, to encourage this branch of general business that the manufacturing industry arose and overshadowed it so completely that to-day the wholesale mercantile trade is comparatively of small account. With Detroit, Cleveland's rival on the other side of Lake Erie, the same state of things exists in a similar degree. The manufacturing industry practically grew of its own accord, while the mercantile business, having been in no way assisted by concerted public movement, merely kept pace with the local demand, and as a result the city of Cleveland, although possessing a population of close upon a quarter of a million, is not as large as her opportunities seemed to justify. This, however, is Cleveland's own affair. If her people are so well satisfied with her present size that they do not see any necessity for trying to increase it, the rest of the country has no just cause for criticism, and especially as Cleveland's inhabitants have reason for being satisfied, to some extent at least, with the character and standing of their city.

In most respects, Cleveland is a city that any State, or for that matter, any country, might feel proud of. To say nothing of the extent and national importance of her manufactures, which include ocean steam-ship machinery, and nearly all the heavier products of iron, Cleveland has for years taken a place in the affairs of the nation inferior to that of no other city of her size in the United States. This fact alone indicates, more than statistics are capable of, the temper and intellectual quality of Cleveland's representative men. It is entirely natural that this should be so, for Cleveland is the centre of that intelligence and culture for which the people of Northern and Eastern Ohio have long been noted. One need not search legislative records or public libraries for evidences of these characteristics, for even a superficial examination of Cleveland's architectural and topographical features will make their existence apparent. Whether driving down Euclid Avenue—one of the handsomest residence thoroughfares in the United States—whether walking through Wade Park, or whether watching the movement of the city's commercial life from the height of the great Superior Street Viaduct, which spans the Cuyahoga River with lofty masses of stone and iron, the visitor will be impressed with the good taste, good sense, and mental breadth of Cleveland's people. In its material attributes, as well as in the social attainments and culture of its residents, Euclid Avenue represents the most advanced type of Western civilization. The quiet tones of its architecture, the tasteful arrangement of its lawns and private walks, and the care with which the street itself is maintained, have become matters of more than local repute. The owners of its houses are, for the most part, men who have made their fortunes in iron, oil, coal, and other branches of business that centre in Cleveland. The proportion of these men who have retired from the daily routine of affairs is as large as in any other city in the country, I think, with the possible exception of Boston and Philadelphia. Not all of them, I am told, have their legal homes in Cleveland, although they live there constantly. The tax laws of Ohio are peculiar, at least in so far as they compel the holders of bonds and stocks to pay taxes, like owners of real estate. To evade this law, some of the wealthy holders of bonds and stocks have ostensible homes in New York city, where the bondholder is unvexed by the wicked tax-gatherer. It may be remembered that twenty-seven citizens of Cincinnati were found doing the same thing. A committee of tax-payers make a practice of looking into the financial circumstances of wealthy men. One disgusted resident of Ohio has been made to pay $190,000 for back taxes. As one of my informants on these matters rather sadly observed, it is, indeed, "unpleasant to be a rich man in Ohio."

There is one wealthy resident of Cleveland, however, whose feelings are not harrowed by such cruel laws as this, and yet who just as successfully ignores public sentiment. This is a wealthy land-owner who maintains about one hundred acres of cow pasture in almost the heart of the city —within a mile, in fact, of the public square in Superior Street. He will neither sell nor lease, and what is more galling to adjoining property owners, he pays taxes at farm rates. It has been suggested that the land be condemned, and taken for park purposes; but this action, it is argued, is hardly necessary at present, in view of the extent and attractiveness of Wade Park, which comprises 63½ acres of lake and shaded upland. The park was presented to the city by Mr. J. H. Wade, who thus created for himself a monument that will far outlast his generation. Not far away is another and more noted monument, which, in massive bulk and sculptured stone, tells the immortal story of the martyred Garfield. It is a story that Cleveland knows better than any other city; for here, as well as the little town of Mentor, where his widow now lives, was his home. It was fitting, therefore, that Cleveland should share with Ohio and the nation the honor of erecting this graceful memorial. The funds were raised by popular subscription, the result of which showed, in a practical way, the earnest desire of the people to do honor to their dead friend. The monument stands in Lakeview Cemetery, on the summit of a gentle hill, where its massive base and its rounded bulk dominate the peaceful landscape for miles around. The heavy stone of the structure is appropriately from the quarries of Ohio, while the sculptured marbles of the interior are from the best quarries of Italy. Aside from the receptacle for the casket, the chief interest of the interior of the monument lies in the tablets in *bas-relief*, which picture various scenes and incidents in Garfield's life. Pleasing contrast to this is provided by a judicious and artistic distribution of color in the decorations of the walls and windows. The monument is at the suburban end of Euclid Avenue, which has its beginning five miles away, at Monumental Square, in the centre of the city. Around the square are grouped most of the public buildings, and in it are other works of art in honor of men who have had to do with Cleveland. The marble statue of Commodore Perry, on the highest level of the square, has for years been one of the landmarks of the city, while a few rods farther down the gentle slope the new bronze figure of Moses Cleaveland gazes out with unseeing eyes upon the rustic bridge, the bubbling fountains, and the hastening throngs of people passing to and fro among the trees. Nearer the centre of the square one of Perry's historic cannons frowns upon the rumbling traffic of the streets, as though set there in grim protection of the flag floating from the peak of the monster liberty pole close at hand.

It is a pleasant spot, but to the student of affairs there are other attractions elsewhere, one of the most important of which is the great Superior Street Viaduct, whose lofty roadway spans the little Cuyahoga Valley for a distance of 3211 feet, very nearly at the spot where the first cabin was built on the Cleveland town site. Upon the dedication of the structure, in December, 1878, the total cost was given as $2,500,000. From the roadway of the viaduct the visitor gets an excellent view of the busy part of the city. Southward, in a haze of drifting smoke, is a vista of high bridges perched on slender iron posts, dominated by the mighty length of the Central Viaduct, which connects the east and south sides of the city, with a towering thoroughfare of iron. The distant sky is obscured by smoke from huge oil refineries and iron-works, while closer at hand are net-works of railway tracks, great piles of lumber, and the masts and funnels of vessels in the serpentine course of the Cuyahoga. In the foreground are draw-bridges, warehouses, and railway tracks. One may toss the traditional pebble from his point of view down upon the roof of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway Station, which here marks the ending of one of the Erie's oldest and most prosperous branch lines. The Erie is one of the historic institutions of Cleveland and the surrounding country, and naturally is a favorite route between Cleveland and New York. The station of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, which is operated practically as the western end of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, is appropriately located on the shore of Lake Erie, near the Lakeside Park, a few blocks north of the Superior Street Viaduct. Within sight of the viaduct, on the north, are more warehouses and an increasing number of masts and funnels, but the air is free of smoke here, and the eye sees everything distinctly, even to the cold blue expanse of Lake Erie stretching out to the Canadian shore, with here and there a dim pyramid of swelling canvas or a trail of faint smoke against the sky.

After viewing this part of the city from the stone viaduct, the observer can have little doubt of the wealth and solidity of Cleveland. If he has doubts, the newspapers will always be found ready to set him right. Like most of the publications of Ohio, the newspapers of Cleveland are creditable alike to themselves and to the people who read them. The *Leader*, of which Mr. Edwin Cowles is editor, is the oldest morning daily in the city. Its evening edition is called the *News and Herald*. It is worthy of mention that the *News* was the first eight-page afternoon paper in America. A feature of the *Leader* that might be imitated to advantage elsewhere is the plan by which the best men in the various departments of the paper are permitted to buy shares in the capital stock. The *Plain-dealer*, of which Mr. L. E. Holden is the chief stockholder, prints both a morning and an evening edition. It was on this paper that the immortal Artemus Ward began his humorous career. In addition to the *Press*, which is a penny afternoon paper, there are three German dailies, and various weekly and monthly publications. The success of Cleveland newspapers denotes in Cleveland people the reading habit, which has clearly been fostered by the public-school system of the city. Persons directly interested in the work of the schools take some pride in the fact that certain educational publications of Boston acknowledge that Cleveland schools rank next to Boston schools in point of merit. When it is considered that the honest Cleveland citizen has neglected no opportunity within recent years to denounce the administrative rascality and corruption of the School Board, which has been charged with school-furniture irregularities, and other things not easy of enumeration here, the excellence of the Cleveland schools is at first glance a matter of some surprise; but when the fact is taken into account that many of the inhabitants are of New England and New York derivation, the anomaly is fully explained. Another evidence of the educational tendencies of Cleveland people is the Western Reserve University, which ranks high among Western institutions of learning for the breadth and thoroughness of its scope of instruction. Adelbert College, which is a part of the University organization, was endowed by Amasa Stone for his son, who was drowned some years ago.

Another New England characteristic is shown in the church element, the material manifestations of which are unusually impressive and attractive. In one of the churches, a man who has made a large fortune in oil-refining bears half of the yearly expenses. There are many other indications in and about the city of the refinement and culture of the Cleveland people, but to the visitor these things speak for themselves. In connection with the features that I have touched upon, they tell the story of a rich and cultured city, and a surrounding country great in natural resources and enterprising inhabitants. The city has been rather slow in building, but that, doubtless, will be remedied in time.

William Willard Howard.

SUNRISE ON EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND.

Park-like green lawns, close-clipped, and fresh as June,
On which, through oak and elm and maple boughs,
The dewy morning looks, but cannot rouse
The antlered deer from his green couch. Though soon
His foe would seem to come, yet steadfast noon
Finds both the same. Here beauty manifold
Is found—the canna with its red and gold
Starring the shade, the fountain's changing rune.

Written in diamond spray and rainbow arcs,
Rare vases with their pendent green and bloom,
And vistas that the sun's first rays illume
Down which fair Floras strew their marble flowers.
Here Art with Nature dwells, and beauty marks
With ever-varying change the passing hours.

H. T. Sudduth.

THE FITTING-OUT OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

In ships the great captains of old commanded, sailors had to be bred to the business. Early in life Jack had to take into his nostrils whiff of tar and reek of bilge-water. We have very much modified these conditions, and how far these modifications are to go, no one can say. If philosophical reasons were presented explanatory of these changes in the manning of the English and American or other navies, the same arguments would be advanced as suggest themselves when any manufacturing enterprise is studied. As a mobile floating fortress, an iron-clad contains the whole sum of man's ingenuity. Within her 10,000 tons or more there must be solved problems of speed, of resistance, of offence, and when you approach these three subjects, as far apart as the poles from the equator, you necessarily include within them, saving the fine arts, the mastery of every other science man has grappled with ever since he fashioned a flint tool.

The efficiency of the ship of war is by no means belittled when looked at as a factory. The man bred in the service hardly sees it in this way, but the civilian does. In the factory mechanical appliances supplant human power; so in our war ships mechanical devices do away with what were once men's arms and legs.

"How do you man a ship of war?" is a question the civilian asks the naval officer.

The answer is sharp, clear, and somewhat unexpected: "Size of vessel must be borne in mind, but it really means number of guns and grate area; you might say grate area first, guns afterward."

"Grate area!" How much is expressed in these two words! From the proper combustion of the lump of coal the whole terrific mechanism of destruction begins.

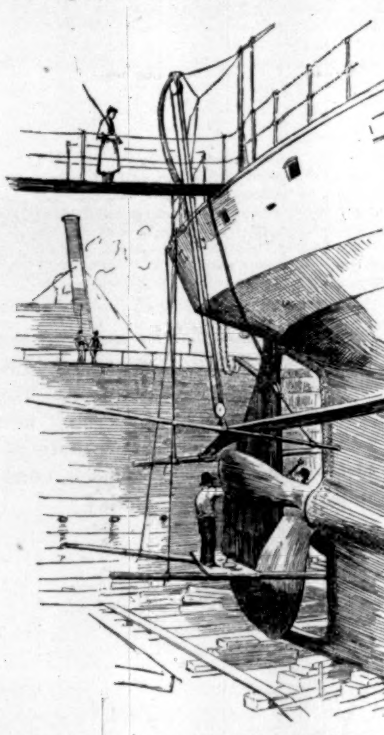
We are bound to respect Salamis, to rejoice with Themistocles for his naval victory over Xerxes, and feel proud because the Greeks lost only twenty ships and the Persians forty. It was a hard-fought engagement, where the Greeks behaved in the most gallant manner. Now look at the methods to be employed by the officer in command of a ship to-day when engaging with an enemy of about the same size. Cooped up in his conning tower, peering through the slits of it, without even a side arm, that commander is a chess-player rather than a fighter of ships, but the game he engages in is one full of tragic possibilities. Close to his hands are various knobs, united by means of electrical wires with the many parts of the ship. At his will he may drive his vessel into his enemy. He might fire his guns, selecting any particular one. He has the whole ship under his own individual charge. He wields it as if it were a single weapon. Fancy the *Chicago* in such a sea-fight as that when the Romans and Carthaginians met! There would really be no necessity to waste an ounce of the *Chicago's* powder. With her crew under cover, she could steam straight in through the middle of such a Roman fleet, and crush triremes and quinqueremes as if they were egg-shells.

The complexities found within the fighting ship of 1889 seem to seek for their best control a single hand. If it were possible to carry into one small box a foot square, as a terminal station, all the lines, wires, which stream over the ship, and so govern every machine in it, that would be perfection. It stands to reason that throughout the whole of the mechanical processes the end of this evolution is to get entirely rid of that uncertain factor which is the man. For the many hundreds of ordinary personal equations which are untrained, are to be substituted the highest intelligences of one, or two, or three men.

Intense rapidity in the work is an element sought after in warfare, and the performance of anything in the briefest period is all-important. The time elapsing when the archer loosed his bowstring was a long one when compared with the fall of the hammer on the nipple of the gun, and that was too slow, for it had to give way to the electrical firing of the gun. Mechanical, electrical devices on shipboard are always increasing, and now we can understand more clearly what is meant by "grate area."

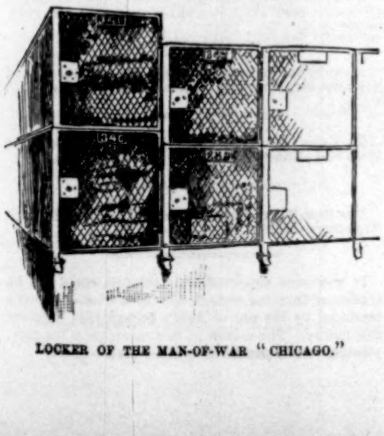
The time must come when, unless for display, the number of men known as seamen employed on board of a man-of-war must diminish—that is to say, in proportion to the increasing effectiveness of the ship. It is the logical conclusion of mechanical development. It looks, then, as if the engineering force, men skilled in the handling of tools, willing, too, to be killed, will alone be in greater demand.

Here is a monitor, belted cruiser, battle ship, corvette, ram, or gun-boat, tied up along a navy-yard dock. Her hull is all right, her engine completed; she may want a spar or two, and she is to be made ready for a cruise. What is the preparation of a man-of-war for actual service? It having been decided by the Secretary of the Navy that the vessel shall go into service, the various bureaus of the department are notified. First comes the Bureau of Construction and Repair. This bureau knows all about the condition of the hull, its soundness or unsoundness, the spars the vessel carries, and whether her boats are seaworthy or not. It has an eye on the furniture of the ship, her tanks, her plumbing. Next the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting is informed of the purpose of the Secretary of the Navy. This bureau has a double functioning power. It takes under its care the sails, the rigging, the awnings, the galley, the anchors, the chains, the mess furniture, the *personnel* of the crew, including the care of the apprentices. The Bureau of Engineering now receives its instructions, and attends to the engines, boilers, dependencies, distilling apparatus, the heating and ventilation of the ship. The Bureau of Ordnance has charge of the guns, ammunition, small-arms, torpedoes, search lights, and many other things.


TIGHTENING THE WHEEL OF THE "ATLANTA" ON THE DRY-DOCK.

We have now a ship with the men allotted, the machinery, the guns, the powder and shells; but the hands must be fed and clothed. The Bureau of Provision and Clothing at once looks out for the bread, beef, pickles, the dietary of the crew, and busies itself as to the rig the sailor wears. We could not sail our ship without knowing what was north or south, and here comes in the services of the Bureau of Navigation, which has under its keeping the nautical instruments. It gives the flags, books, charts, the surveying, the electric and other lighting apparatus, as the search lights, the sounding machine, the musical instruments for the band, and the electrical bells. It is the commandant of the marines whose duty it is to detail the guard of sea soldiers.

The vessel herself is at a navy-yard, and the commandant of that particular yard is instructed to prepare her for sea. At once he issues his orders to the representatives of the different bureaus at the yard under his control. For each class of vessel there has been made in these bureaus what is known as "an allowance," and then the officer in charge of the particular department within the navy-yard sends at once to the general shop-keeper at the yard a schedule of such articles as the vessel needs, to be taken from his stores. These articles, if in stock, are at once selected by the store-keeper, and laid aside as appropriated to the vessel designated. If they are not in store, they are at once called for by the general store-keeper, to be furnished by the proper bureau. Another yard may have the wanting articles. If not forth-coming, they are at once purchased, or if the yard manufactures the articles, they are at once made. Each department in a navy-yard attends strictly to its own special work. A date having been fixed when the vessel is to be ready, the departments govern themselves as to the time required. It is expected that everything shall be ready at the exact time designated. The commandant of the yard is kept fully informed as to the condition of the vessel. He notes each day the progress made in repairing, if repairs are in order, and in due time informs the department at Washington when she is ready for her officers.


LOCKER OF THE MAN-OF-WAR "CHICAGO."

The Office of Detail, attached to the Bureau of Navigation at the Navy Department, knows beforehand that officers are wanted at a certain date. These officers, having been selected, are ordered to report at a given day to the commander of the navy-yard for duty on the vessel. If these officers report that the vessel is far enough advanced to receive her crew, she is put "in commission"; that is to say, she is handed over to her commanding officer. Then at once that officer becomes responsible for the ship. Her flag and pennant are hoisted when she is turned over to the commander. He reads his orders in presence of such of the officers and crew as are assembled. The log-book of the ship is now commenced, to be continued while he is in command. At once the ship's officers report to the commander, and enter on their respective duties. On the executive officer, who is second in command, devolves the duty of organizing the crew. He selects the petty officers, and assigns to each man his station for all evolutions. The executive officer divides as equally as possible the crew into the two watches—starboard and port—and puts them into messes of from sixteen to twenty, assigning them to the various parts of the ship, usually the forecastle, foretop, maintop, mizzentop, and after-guard. Each part is under the charge of a petty officer known as captain of the forecastle, or of the maintop, etc. These messes have the right to select their own cook, and he draws provisions from the paymaster, and prepares the food for the ship's cook, who cooks it.

The executive officer selects the boats' crews, and the men are put in charge of the coxswains. The captains of the various parts of the ship select men for sweepers, hammock storers, side cleaners, top keepers, etc. It is the master at arms who is the chief petty officer of the ship, and is virtually its head of police. The captain of the hold has in charge that important part of the ship, and it is his duty to see that it is kept clean, and that all in it is properly secured. Officers and men, having had their duties regulated, now get their stores and outfits on board. The vessel is coaled, provisioned, and soon settles down into a condition of order and cleanliness.

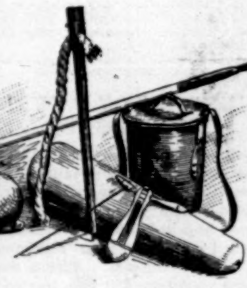
Before the ship sails she is inspected by a board of officers to ascertain if she is properly fitted out in all respects, and if the regulations have been carried out. Say she is away for a number of years. Upon her return from a cruise she is again inspected, to see if her crew has been properly drilled, to find out her efficiency, and whether the vessel has been well cared for. This inspection is carried out once in every six months when a vessel is on a station, the admiral or senior officer in command performing this duty. Before going to sea, a report called the Descriptive Muster-roll, containing a list of every one on board, is sent to the department. Should any changes take place, or there be deaths or desertions, the name, number, and identity of each individual can be had. This Descriptive Muster-roll is taken each time a vessel leaves port.

This is succinct and plain enough as a general statement, but when the details of it all are comprehended, the minutiæ of it are endless. From a needle to an anchor is supposed to give some idea of completeness in a general hardware business, but a ship of war at sea carries with her almost everything from an anemometer to a thumb-tack. Let us take, to begin with, such objects as a Bureau of Navigation is ready to furnish, on proper requisitions, for a ship on her first cruise. The skipper of the ordinary sailing vessel, when he has a sextant, a spy-glass, a compass or two, a chronometer, a fair watch, a log, some charts, or, if he is very scientific, a thermometer, thinks he has all the requisites. At the Brooklyn Navy-yard the officer who has in charge the Bureau of Navigation stands ready to fill up deficits which may amount to 1500 various articles. Forty-seven pages of fool's-cap, printed all down one side, give the names of the many items. Beginning with a box chronometer on page 1, the list ends with a tuba, E flat, on page 47. In nautical instruments alone there are thirty odd varieties. Here are six kinds of chronometers, five varieties of compasses, and of sextants seven sorts. There are standard alidades and ektropometers. Meteorological instruments are eleven. A ship often makes surveys, and for this purpose a perfect list of instruments and implements, including the photographic apparatus, is included. As to charts, what could a ship do without them? There is no chart published of which the Navy Department must not have copies ready for distribution. It is not for the amusement of the officers on board of ship, but for their instruction, that books are provided. Added to the Bible and Prayer-book is to be found a collection of volumes of the most general character. Perhaps in that discussion which raged so persistently a twelvemonth ago as to what were "the best 100 books," what the navy gives out might have been considered as solving the question, only it leaves out fiction. Here is an entire library covering all the fields of research. If an officer be desirous of acquiring any foreign language while at sea, in the library his country gives him all the opportunities are permitted him. As to works on travel, the collection is very complete.

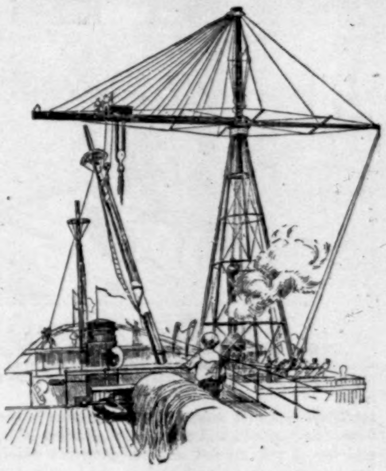
Electrical equipments, from a dynamo to a lamp, with all the tools necessary, are to be had. The rapid development electricity has made on shipboard is shown by the variety of requisitions. That portion entitled "Signal-books and Apparatus" covers three pages. Here are all the code books—the tactical, international, and the particular one which serves the United States navy. As to the signals themselves, represented by blue-lights, rockets, they are many; and of lanterns and lamps, they are endless. For sounding, you can begin with the old ten-pound lead with its lump of tallow at the bottom, until you get to the most perfect of all machines, the Thomson sounding machine, with its miles of piano wire.

At the late centennial our ships made a fair display of bunting. The department having flags in its charge supplies vessels with the banners of the world. There are eight different sizes of ensigns, six of pennants, with four union-jacks, with flags of the Secretary of the Navy, the admirals, vice and rear, with commodores' pennants. Then there are signal flags and signal numbers. A ship must be courteous, and flings to the breeze the particular flag of the country she visits. In process of manufacture at the Brooklyn Navy-yard may be seen the Chinese flag, in the act of having a last stitch put to the tail of the imperial dragon. As to writing material, blank forms, pens, inks, and colors, the stock in trade of a stationer is to be had. This list of articles a ship wants concludes, as far as the Bureau of Navigation goes, with all the instruments necessary for the equipment of a first-class brass band, trombone, piccolo, and cymbals included.

The ship, it is now to be presumed, can find her way anywhere over the seas; but where are her teeth? The bureau having in charge the ordnance equipments and stores of the United States now sets in the fangs. When that department has done with her she will have all the possibilities for rending and tearing. What this bureau can furnish is divided into the categories of "Main Battery and equipments," "Secondary Battery and equipments," "small-arms and equipments," "ammunition," "permanent fittings," "magazine and shell-room equipments," "stores and miscellaneous articles," and lastly, "torpedo outfit and explosives." Take the first subject, "Main Battery and equipments." Here are some 279 different things, beginning with aprons and concluding with yokes. You may have breechings, carriages, cradles, cranks, extractors, griolets, gripes, handspikes, mushrooms, plugs, rattles, shields, sponges (seventeen varieties), tompions, tongs, trays, tubs, and every possible kind of wrench. Here are four different kinds of guns, "from ten-inch to five-inch"; that is to say, they are so catalogued, though it is doubtful if they could be supplied at once, for big guns are not manufactured like sewing-machines. In the "Secondary Battery" are to be found the Hotchkiss guns and cannons, with all their equipments, together with the Gatlings; what are known as "fixings" run over columns. "Small-arms and equipments" presents a category of destructive implements better understood. You begin with a bag, next a bayonet, and you run along to belts, boxes for cartridges, and get on to canteens, and come to cutlasses. You are quite at home with cutlasses; and you recall your sea-fights in the story-books, and boarders, and all that kind of thing; but really if you inquire into the use of the cutlass on board of a ship of to-day, its efficiency would be about the same as would be a cross-bow. It is a relic of the past—that is to say, as far as modern fighting goes. Its usefulness lies as an implement which takes really the place of dumb-bells for the ship's crew; and it is convenient on this account, as are single-sticks, a quota of which are always furnished a man-of-war. Probably in the last forty years, even including the civil war, there has not been given more than a dozen cuts with a cutlass. Masks for cutlass drill are to be had. Here are Colt's pistols, and pikes. "Pikes!" That is again a return to the times of old, and as respectable and venerable as would be halberds. A crew might, however, have to take to the land, burrow in the ground, and fight behind intrenchments, and so Jack has his special tools for that purpose. Ammunition is something else, and that varies with the character of every arm, from a ten-inch gun to a Colt's pistol. You want shot, shell, shrapnel, with fuses, which will burn at various short intervals of time. Take powder—there is the extra brown prismatic and the sphero-hexagonal to select from. Probably in the time, not far distant, when smokeless powders are to be used, there will be additions to the list. The torpedo outfit, with the explosives, presents a catalogue of over 115 objects. You can have your gun-cotton wet or dry, at your orders, and "a lathe dog," if you want one, and a choice of dynamo-electric machines. Of course explosives are not kept on hand at a navy-yard, but are stored somewhere else, and are obtainable at short notice.

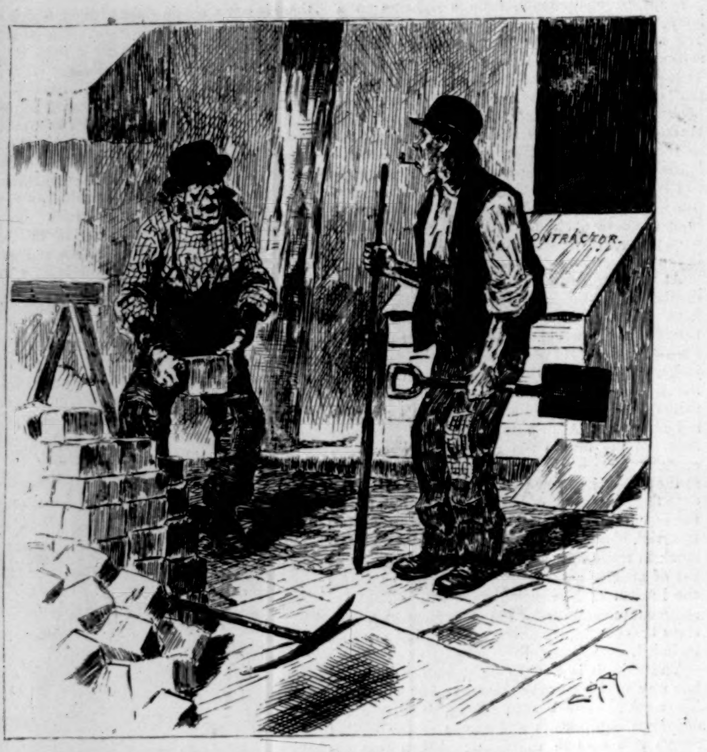

SOME OLD RELICS.

Enormous as seems the variety of these objects, there is not a single class of them which may not be vastly increased to-morrow. The conditions of the armament of a vessel are always toward improving their offensive qualities. Take, for instance, torpedoes. The whole direction of these is one of evolution. If to-morrow it were decided that explosive gelatine presented advantages over gun-cotton, necessitating a change in the application of it in a certain time, the United States navy would be forced to adopt the machinery of it with the explosive. Conservatism as to the material of war is impossible. In a quarter of a century many of the articles to be had on requisition in 1889 will have become obsolete. To-day there is hanging from the rafters in one of the many great store-rooms in navy-yards hundreds of the old-fashioned leather powder-buckets, in which ammunition once was carried. These are queer mementos of the past, and tell of the time when stuff cartridges were used to load carronades or Long Toms. When fixed ammunition was employed, the use of these things was gone, as were the services of the powder-monkeys.


RAISING AN OLD MAST.

Some of the relics of the past form one of the subjects illustrated. When all projectiles were of globular form, to keep the ball from rolling, a grummet was used. The match stock must have come down direct from remote quantity. It was a bit of old rope stuck in a bit of wood, which wooden staff had a spike at the bottom. The rope would burn slowly, and so means for procuring fire for the cook, or for Jack's pipe, or for the guns, were ready. The rattle is a queer thing. It was used as a signal to call boarders. Sometimes the rattle was a fixed one. The pike is a direct descendant of the spear of the past. You can see them still in position around the masts of some of the old men-of-war. The pricker was a long kind of gimlet made to pierce the powder bags, so as to get at the explosive material in the gun when a fuse was used. Commander Charles O'Neil thus clearly explains what are the changes in the Department of Ordnance, of which he is chief of the bureau at the Brooklyn Navy-yard: "There has been an entire change in the ordnance of the modern men-of-war, from that in vogue a few years ago. The adoption of the high-power steel breech-loading cannon in place of the old cast-iron smooth-bore carries with it new gun-carriages of great strength, with simple yet effective means of accurate and ready train, with cylinders for controlling the recoil, where the resistance to the flow of glycerine from the pressure to the reverse side of the piston checks the gun. New powders of large grain, slow burning and of low pressure, are used, and heavy steel tracks are securely fastened to the decks to hold the carriages in place. Numerous machine and rapid-fire guns are mounted in commanding localities, and are called the Secondary Battery, to distinguish it from the larger guns or Main Battery. All the guns are protected from the fire of small-arms and rapid-firing guns by steel shields. Powerful electric search lights are supplied, to light up adjacent waters and to discover the approach of torpedo-boats. Gun-cotton torpedoes are furnished to all vessels, and the new ones have tubes for launching automobile torpedoes." Here are to be found some of the newer requirements of the ship of war. There are even novel improvements in the way of mechanically bringing the ammunition to the guns by means of electrical lifts, just found to work admirably in one of our recently built ships.

Now functions the last and not the least of the bureaus, that of "Provision and Clothing." What that bureau dispenses includes the general run of articles kept on hand by the grocer, tailor, and the seller of notions, in addition, of course, to the stationer's stock. Before the canning of food became a commercial usage, the sailor had only his salted pork and mess beef. He may still masticate his junk, or "old horse," but canned mutton, canned corned-beef, canned roasted meat, appear on his dietary list. There is a *menu* of thirty-eight different kinds of food he can partake of. How can there be any chances of scurvy? Here we see on the list dried apples, peaches, raisins, figs, currants, and dates, with tomatoes. He has his coffee and tea, his cocoa. There is no such thing as stint. It is economy to give Jack all he can stow away. He cannot eat all the food supplied him. What he does not consume is put to his credit in money, so that when he wishes to, he can buy any other toothsome thing he wants. The Bureau of Provision puts not its trust in the manufacturer of coffee. It may be prejudice born from suspicion, but the bureau holds it as an es-



LAY AND RELAY.

"How is it, Dinnis, we're afther raylayin' de pavemint, whin we ownly laid it a shorrut toime since?"
"Hivins! man; an' how long have yez lived in New Yorruk. Don't yez moind we ownly lays de pavemints wid an oie to relayin' 'em as soon as convayniant?"

tablished fact that unless it buys its coffee in the bean, and roasts it, and sees to the grinding of it, and has it put ground into tin canisters which are properly closed and sealed, then only can men in the navy have their coffee pure and unadulterated. It will run no risks with coffee. Its bread it does not make itself, though there are many intelligent officers in service who believe it would be of advantage to the men who eat it if their biscuit were home-made.

Inspections are carried on by competent officers, who are always on the watch for fraud on the part of contractors, for "caveat emptor" is the rule. In the multitudinous purchases made by the navy there may be rascality, but no one dare impeach the high character of those whose duty it is in the higher positions to care for the health and life of the sailor. As to food, it is not alone its present condition, but its power of keeping sweet, good, and wholesome, which it is the duty of this board to look after. The precautions it uses are endless. Every box, barrel, receptacle containing food has on it its date of issue. If a barrel of beef were taken from the Norfolk Navy-yard to China and back, who made it, when it was put on board, the date of its issue, must be at once ascertainable. The inspection of everything is carried on in the most thorough manner. If anybody on shipboard complains of the pepper, who bought it, whose fault it is, is at once ascertainable. As to pepper, there is something queer about that condiment, and a return to those old ideas when pepper, as a precious spice, came to Europe via Venice with the Crusaders. Pepper is something the United States sailor has to pay for. It may cost him maybe five cents a year, but, with the common and more liberal sense of to-day, Jack's pepper and mustard ought to be given him by a grateful country. As to his clothing, the sailor has the best of rigs. The sewing is done outside, but the Navy Department buys the material and attends to the cutting out. A ship going to sea carries with her, according to the probable duration of her cruise, a whole slop-shop. Great care is taken in the packing of this extra clothing. Besides an envelope of enamel cloth, it has an additional cover of canvas. Every package has its date of issue branded on it. In the selection of the material, the same trouble is taken as in the the choice of food. Stuff must stand a certain strain, and the colors be retained under exposure. There seems to be certain old-fashioned ideas as to the dyes to be used, and the United States navy still holds to the belief that indigo is the only possible coloring for blue, while all the rest of the world sporting blue cloth is satisfied with the aniline colors. As to cut of clothes, a good deal might be said irreverential, nay deprecatory, of sailors' trousers. The tightness around the waist may be comfortable for the stripings, but as the 'prentice grows and takes in bulk that narrow girth of a waistband is inclined to weaken natural muscular anatomical development. In wet weather what comfort can there be in a sailor dragging around his feet a lot of wet cloth? Leggings are noticeable in his list of clothing. When the sailors took part in the Centennial parade they wore leggings. It may be seen from this that the impediments of a sailor's rig might be done away with. The cut of the sailors' trousers recalls, then, the time of Admiral Benbow, when pumps, copper buckles, and a pigtail made Bobby Shaftoe beauteous. Jack has a large wardrobe, for he may visit all known quarters of the globe from the Kamtchatkan shores to the Red Sea, and must be prepared for 60° below zero to 120° in the shade. Of small stores we have all those little things that a sailor might want, from a thimble to a ditty box. And what is a ditty box? It is that receptacle in which the sailor puts all his knick-knacks, and a good deal of ingenuity has been exercised in order to make him the best ditty box which shall cost him the least money. Visit a ship, and you will see what comfort a seaman takes out of that ditty box, and how letters from home are treasured in it.

The ship is now partly ready for sea—that is, when her contingent of marines is put on board of her. She wants yet surgeon and assistants. Her stock of medicines and instruments are supplied her by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, and full and excellent are these stores in every way. As there is no possible accident or malady that might not occur on board of ship, ample preparation is made to meet all emergencies.

The government of the United States will spend this year something like $27,000,000 for the navy. For officers and sailors the pay-roll will amount to $7,773,799. To feed and clothe the men will cost $1,366,160. To increase the navy in ships and armament, we are to expend $9,717,000.

How long would it take to fit out a vessel for sea? The most practical of heads of bureaus might tell you what his own department could accomplish, though owning his ignorance as to the work to be carried out by the other departments. It is doubtful whether the Secretary of the Navy could give any positive data. It is, after all, a question of grate bars, and from grate bars you get to the coal supplies, and from that to everything; for unless the ship be complete in all ways, the necessary perfection is not arrived at. Beef and bread, the victualling of the ship, the clothing the men, present no difficulties, but when you come to guns, and have to build them up inch by inch, that takes a long time.

Barnet Phillips.

Note.—Some few changes of no great importance are now being proposed as to electric supplies, and it is likely that a special bureau will be made for them. For valuable information and assistance the writer has to thank Commander Charles O'Neil, Commander Francis M. Green, and Paymaster George H. Read, all of the United States Navy.

THE HISTORY OF A WRECKED RAILROAD.

In the later sixties, when the building of the first transcontinental lines of railroad was exerting a powerful influence upon the enterprise and capital of the country, Levi Parsons, a California gold miner, who had profited handsomely by his industry and good-luck on the Pacific coast, succumbed to that influence. Among the various land grants apportioned by Congress to stimulate the employment of private capital in developing the country west of the Mississippi was one of 1,200,000 acres to the Union Pacific, Southern Branch, which was to be constructed from Junction City, in eastern Kansas, to the southern boundary line of that State. Levi Parsons and his associates started to secure that land grant. They got hold of an old charter granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature to some one who wanted to organize a corporation to develop vineyards. Its provisions were amended so as to cover an almost infinite variety of operations in no way pertaining to vineal pursuits, and its title was changed to the Land Grant Railway and Trust Company. Under that name the first work was done upon what is now one of the most interesting as well as most unfortunate railroad properties in the country. As its affairs and its future are now among the foremost topics discussed by financiers and by certain railroad managers, a succinct review of its picturesque career seems appropriate.

The most important incentive to the building of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway antedated the appearance of Parsons and his contractors in eastern Kansas by at least ten years. In 1856 the government made treaties with various Indian tribes in the Indian Territory, providing for the right of way for a railroad across the eastern end of the Territory. Later, Congress enacted that this right of way should be the property of the first railroad that was completed from the north down the valley of the Neosho River to the border of the Indian Territory. Parsons was disappointed in his Union Pacific, Southern Branch, land grant. He secured only one-half of it, or about 600,000 acres. Then the incentive to build across the Indian Territory to Texas became operative. This was in 1868. While R. S. Stevens, the general manager of the little road Parsons had built, was pushing construction toward the State line down the Neosho Valley, James F. Joy, then one of the most active, as he is now one of the most widely known, railroad men of the country, was crowding his Fort Scott and Gulf road toward practically the same point.

The question as to which road should have the right of way through the Territory was taken to Washington for adjudication. The Parsons party foresaw that the decision would be in favor of the concern that complied first with the Congressional requirement referred to; so one night their manager at Junction City received a despatch from Washington that read, "Build our road to the State line as quickly as the Lord will let you." In the next eleven and a half days Stevens built 26 miles of railroad to the line, and ran an engine and car over it. When he began, some of the iron rails laid in the road were stacked upon the levee at St. Louis. That quick bit of railroad building gave the M., K., and T. Railroad an important part of its main line. The original 182 miles from Junction City to the State line soon became practically useless, and is considered so to-day. It runs to the westward of Kansas City, whereas to be a part of the main line it should run directly north from the Indian Territory line, or to the eastward, in the direction of terminal points like St. Louis. The road across the Indian Territory to Denison, Texas, was built with shovels and shot-guns. It was completed late in 1872. For all purposes of traffic it is a tunnel about 250 miles long, and it will continue so until the Indian titles to the lands are extinguished, and the Territory opened up to settlers. In 1873 the company absorbed smaller roads in Kansas and in Missouri; that gave it a main line of 574 miles from Denison to Hannibal, Missouri. In the following year the company was unable to pay its fixed charges, and its property was placed in the hands of receivers. The times were unpropitious for enterprises of this character, and in 1876 the Union Trust Company succeeded the receivers, and operated the road until 1880.

Long before that year the larger interests in the property perceived that the line across the Indian Territory was not as valuable as they had supposed it would be, for instead of drawing business from Texas, they found that the Houston and Texas Central road was draining the region they had hoped to tap. Consequently individuals connected with the M., K., and T. road began to build feeders for it, radiating from Denison. This work was undertaken by the M., K., and T. Extension Company in Texas—a concern, by-the-way, that at one time tried to sell 102,000 of M., K., and T. railroad stock to Mr. Jay Gould at $2 50 per share. Later, Mr. Gould acquired control of the road by purchase of its stock. It is said that he began buying at $20 per share. In 1880 Mr. Gould and his associates in the management of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company took possession of the M., K., and T. road, and the financiering that finally prostrated it was begun. The operations were conducted through the International Construction Company, which bought up the 94 miles of feeders that had been constructed east and west of Denison, paying $16,000 cash per mile for them, and during the next few years bought and built other branches at a cost of $10,000 to $12,000 per mile, until the system of roads in Texas was increased to 856 miles. Upon all of this road the railroad company issued 6 per cent. general consolidated bonds, at the rate of $20,000 per mile and an equal amount of stock, a total of $40,000 per mile. On about 300 miles of the road thus acquired a commission of several thousand dollars per mile was paid to interested individuals. The general mortgage placed upon this portion of the road also secures $10,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds, nearly all of which have been issued to pay arrears of interest on the first consolidated mortgage on the 785 miles north of Denison. It should be stated that the last-mentioned mortgage secures $1,200,000 of bonds that were irregularly issued on a survey upon which no road was ever constructed.

In 1881 the Texas system of the company was increased by the absorption of the International and Great Northern Railroad. This was effected by an issue of two shares of M., K., and T. stock for each share of the $9,755,000 capital of the Great Northern Company. As soon as Mr. Gould obtained control of the M., K., and T. road, he leased it to the Missouri Pacific Company on terms that no intelligent security holder should acquiesce in, namely, for its net earnings. The result was natural. After seven years the property was thrown upon the hands of those who had bought its securities under the Gould régime, its physical condition deplorable, and its finances confused and exhausted. The work of reorganization has at last taken definite shape under the efforts of those whose faith in the property enabled Mr. Gould and his associates to unload the securities they had manufactured. The Great Northern stock that should be in its treasury is pledged to secure advances made by the former management, and the dismemberment of the system is further threatened by obstacles that are not based on sound business reasons. The work of redeeming the property for its actual owners and creditors is in capable hands, but it is clear that it is not going to be easily accomplished, as the movement of the sinuous and sinister hand that has blighted every railroad it has touched is already discernible in opposition to it. **Collin Armstrong.**

New York, *Saturday*, *November* 2, 1889.

THE FRUIT OF VIOLENCE.

In no case is the folly of violence in medication more conspicuously shown by its fruit than in the effect upon the intestines of excessive purgation. The stomach and bowels are first painfully griped, then the latter is copiously, suddenly, and repeatedly evacuated. This is far beyond the necessities of the case, most unnatural, excessively debilitating. The organs are incapacitated from resuming their function with normal moderation. An astringent is resorted to, which reduces them to their former condition of inaction. To this monstrous and harmful absurdity Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the happy alternative. It relaxes gently, naturally, sufficiently; it diverts bile from the blood into its proper channel; it insures healthful digestion and complete assimilation. It is a complete defense against malaria, and conquers rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, kidney and bladder trouble.—[*Adv.*]

No other Life Policies as liberal cost as little money, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of The Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. Best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, worldwide, lowest cash rate.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

To be happy play "Halma."

Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, says of "Halma":

"The game of 'Halma' is an old friend in our family, and is very highly prized. Though I am not expert in it as my children, I know it well enough to like it much. While it is interesting to a beginner, I find it can be played in a very scientific manner. As Chas. Lamb said of roast pig: 'A strong man may fatten on it, and a weakling refuseth not its mild pieces.''

"Halma" sent, prepaid, to any address on receipt of one dollar. E. I. Horsman, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is not an experiment, but ever since its first introduction has steadily increased in favor. Ask your druggist or grocer for it.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Wash the Baby with Cornell's Benzoin Soap, and he will be clean, healthy, and happy. 25 cents. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists. —[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

It was once supposed that scrofula could not be eradicated from the system; but the marvellous results produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla disprove this theory. The reason is, this medicine is the most powerful blood-purifier ever discovered.—[*Adv.*]

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FOOT-BALL.

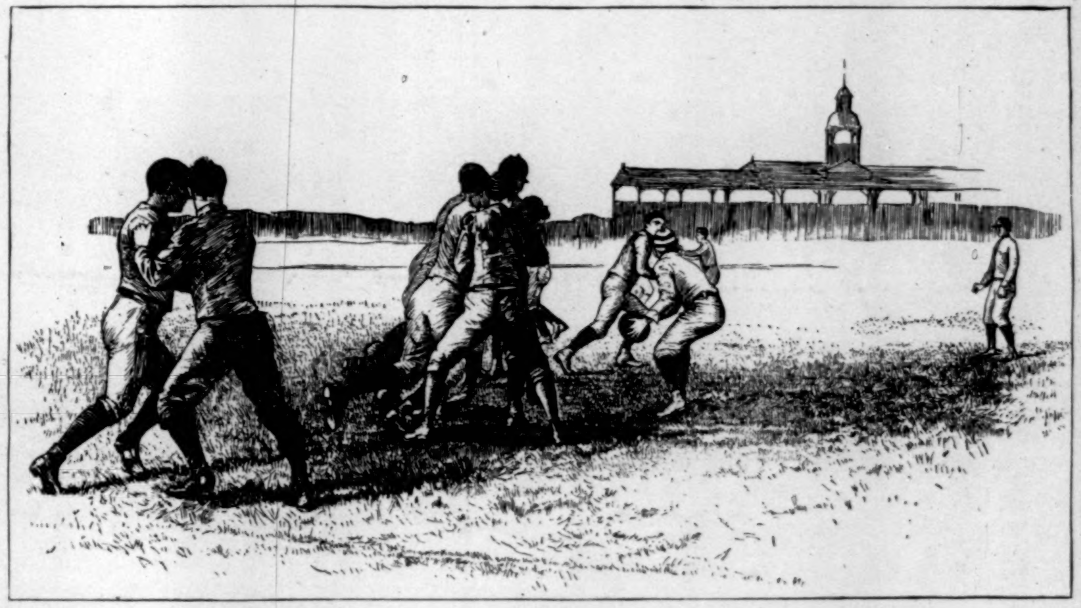
BY HARRY W. BEECHER, RICHARD M. HODGE, AND H. NOTTINGHAM TOWNSEND.

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE METHOD OF TRAINING FOLLOWED BY THE YALE CHAMPIONS.

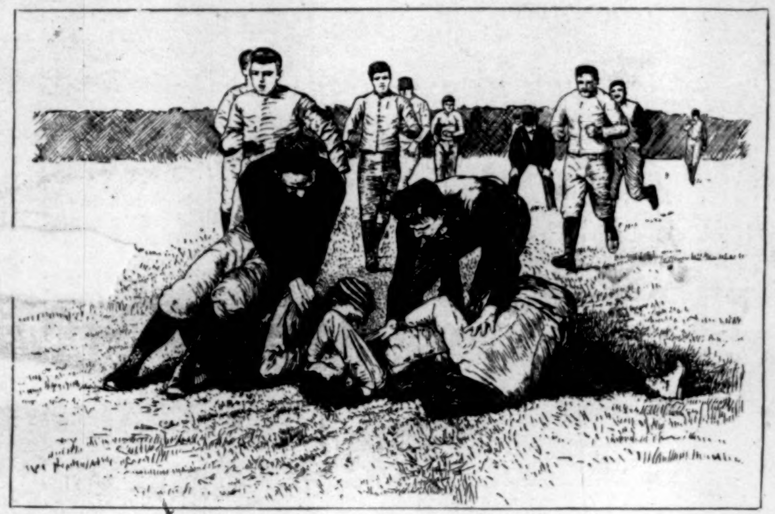
TRAINING THE YALE ELEVEN.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

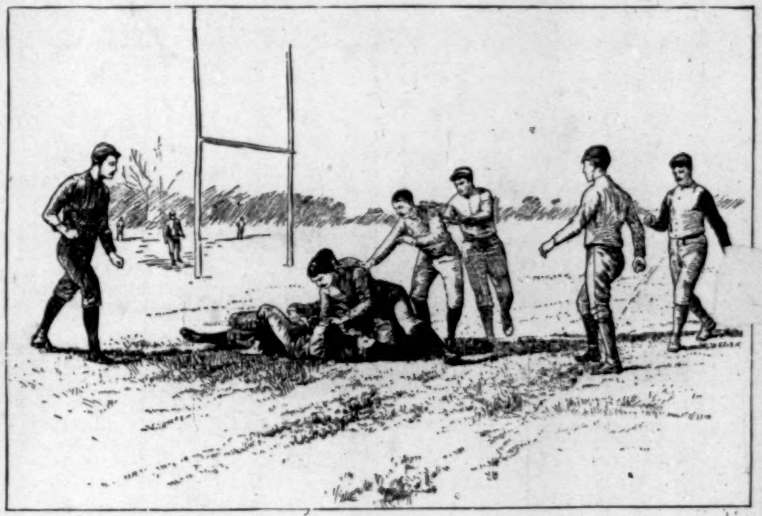
THE training of her elevens has been the strong point in Yale's success; by training is meant not only perfection in physical condition, but also in team play. The accomplishment of the former is attained with little trouble, and it is safe to count upon all three contestants, Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, coming to the "scratch" in November with their teams in good physical condition. The difficulty is in the latter. Months of hard practice and careful teaching are needed to make eleven men work in unison, to move up the field like one man, each helping his neighbor, and by the combined efforts of brain and muscle force the ball to a touchdown. The idea of brilliant individual play must first be eliminated from the players' minds. They must realize that eleven men working together can do more than one, and that only by combined play can victory be secured. When off the field they easily solve this mathematical problem, and agree readily to the strength of its reasoning; but once let them start in the game, and in the excitement of the mêlée and rush the majority of them throw reason to the winds and go it alone. By this lack of control of their reasoning faculties the new men on a team can be easily picked out. They allow their opponents to draw their attention from the game to themselves, and when the crisis comes they are not there. How different an old player, who stands, all attention, his eyes fixed upon the ball, his muscles ready for the spring! No movement of his opponent escapes him, but he disdains to tire himself with useless scrimmages, and keeps his mind intent upon the coming play. Gradually the "green hands," by the careful coaching of the captain, improve. The old men help them by encouraging words, and by Thanksgiving-time they in turn have become veterans. The choosing of the team, of course, is an important factor in its success. At Yale there is no favoritism. Woe to the captain who lends himself to any such discrimination! The idea of brute strength has been abolished, and men now are chosen for their activity, endurance, and pluck. An inch of activity is worth a foot of muscle. At practice the men are started easy, playing for only a short time, until they become hardened, avoiding by this the many bruises and hurts which usually accompany the first stages of training. It generally takes about a week to attain this; then the real play begins. No lagging or short time then. Every man must do his work well, or perhaps some anxious rival may slip in and take his place. The captain's duties, too, commence in earnest. He must bolster up the weak points of his team. He watches the peculiarities of each man, that he may judge in what play it is best to use him. He is, in fact, a general of a small army, with all the onerous duties which attend such a position. No man must be used too much, lest he become too tired to do his work well. The half-backs and quarter-back practise every morning in the old gymnasium lot, and in a short time become accurate and sure. On the rush line the hard work is centred. Without a strong rush line good half-backs are useless. Yale has found this out by sad experience, and bends all her energies to improve the famous seven. Every little play is studied and carefully practised that no fumble or slip may spoil its success. No man must be idle, even though the coming play does not concern him in particular. Let him break through, and interfere with the opposing half-backs. They must learn, too, to fool their opponents by false movements that the real play may be unnoticed. Everything is fair in war, and the more obscured the play the better are its chances of success. The reading of human nature is one of the most important factors in foot-ball. Many a kick, run, or even a touch-down has been blocked by the proficiency of Yale in this branch of the game. The man who is to receive the ball for an important play is almost sure to show it by the expression of his face. He will be either very anxious and excited or else altogether too unconscious.



THE PASS FOR A KICK.

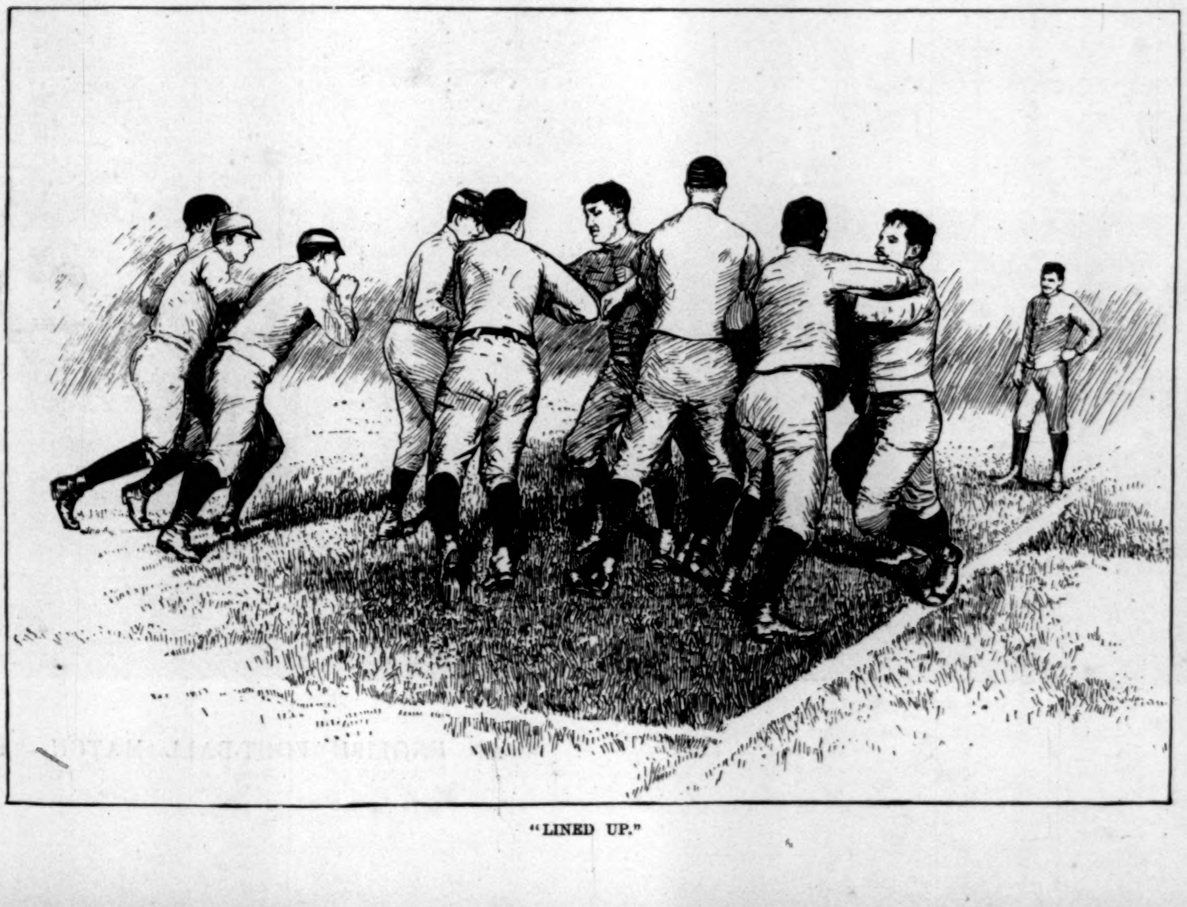


A GOOD TACKLE.

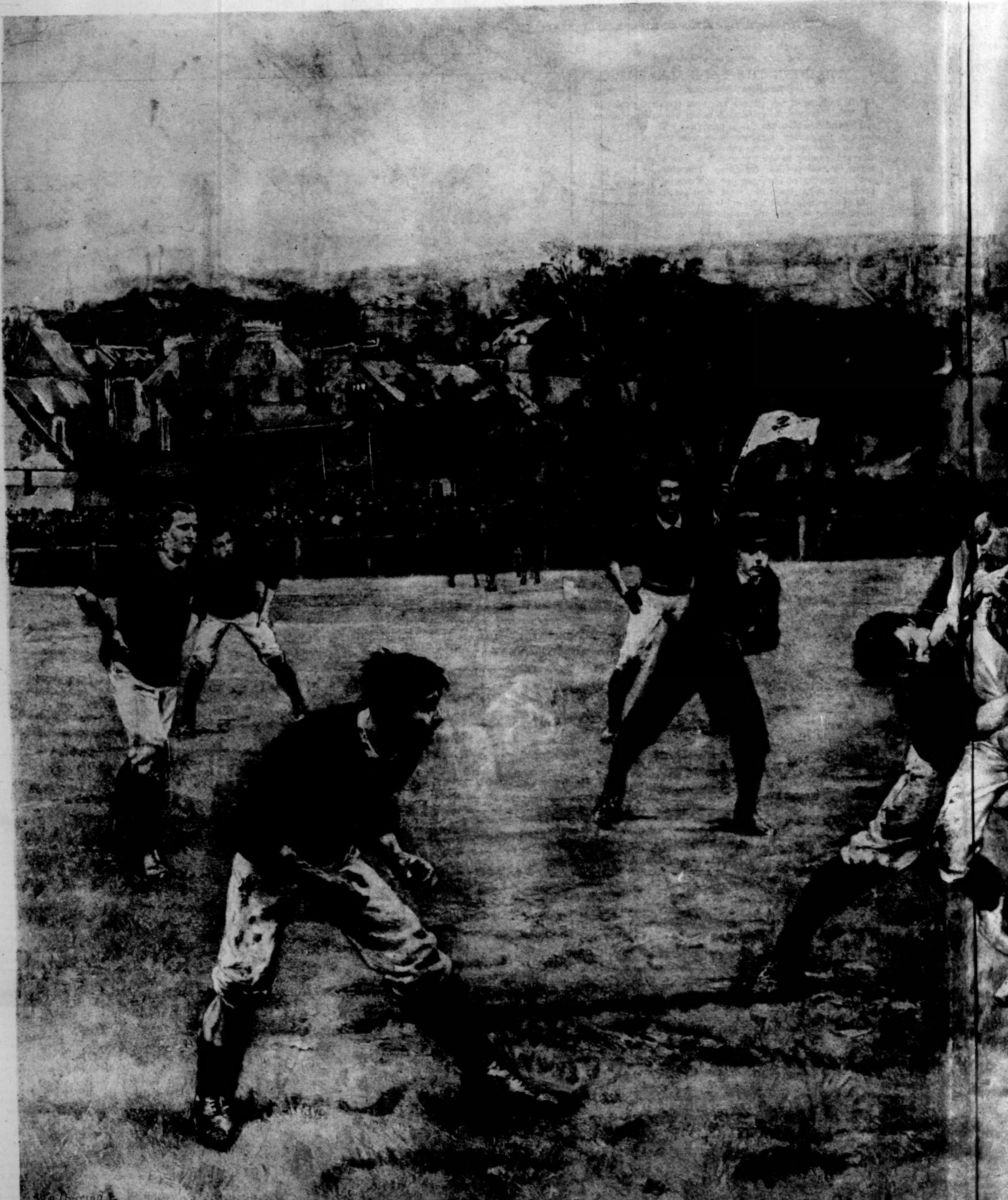


A GOAL SAVED.

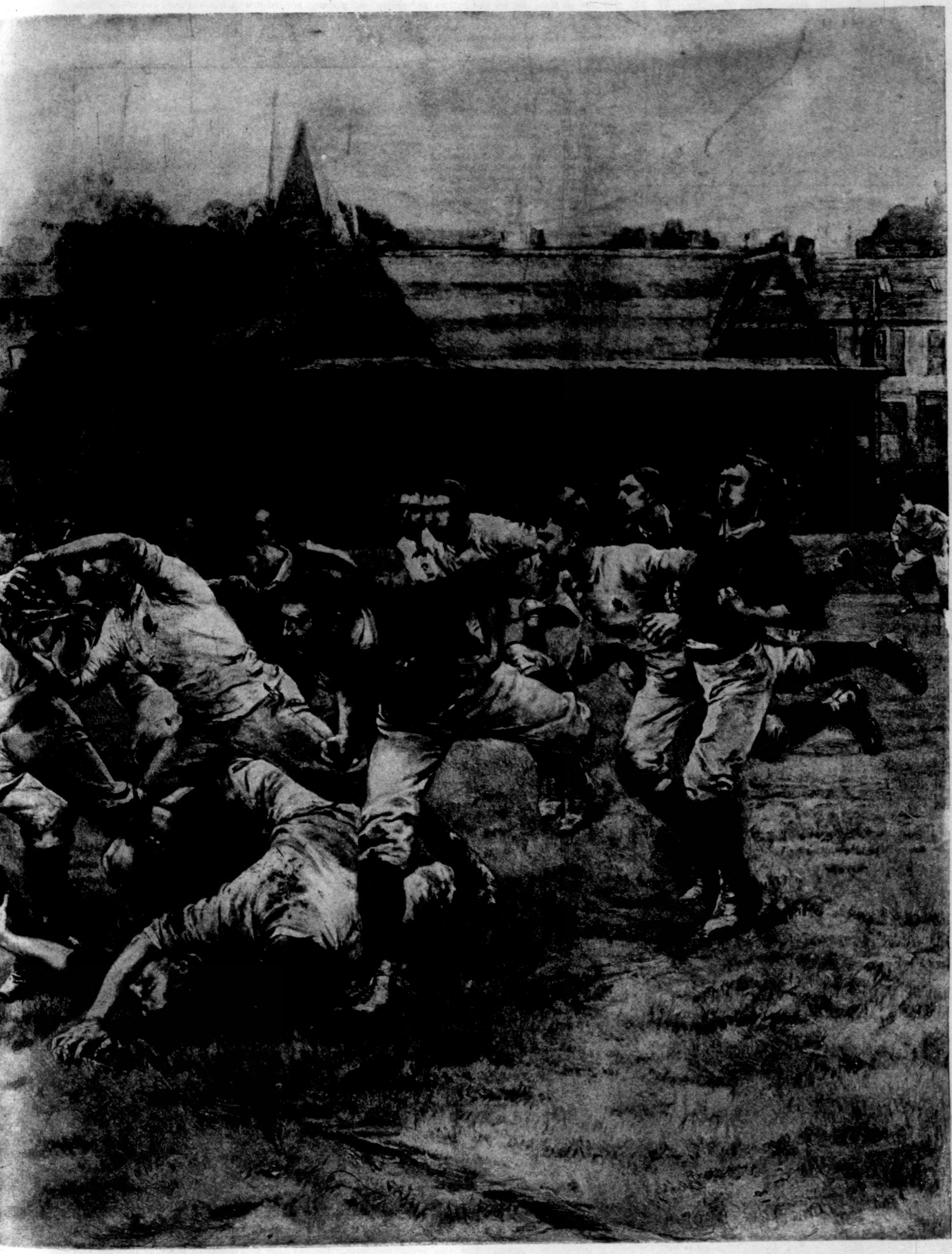
The players at New Haven are practised to detect these expressions. The first duty of a good rusher is to scan his opponent's face, to see, if possible, where the intended play is to be made. Then he can give his entire attention to breaking through and stopping the well-laid scheme. Time is valuable, and the few seconds that an inexperienced rusher wastes to see where the ball is being passed may spoil his chances of blocking the kick or tackling the runner. No opportunity like this can afford to be lost. That Yale gives her attention to these seemingly small matters is the acme of her success. They make up team play, the most important branch of training. To Yale also should be given the credit of raising the position of quarter-back to its importance of to-day. No other college can compete with her in this regard. She has originated plays which have given her quarter-backs splen-



"LINED UP."


W. H. Overend & Smythe 1887

AN ENGLISH FOOT-BALL MATCH—"ENGLAND *VERSU*



US SCOTLAND."—FROM THE PAINTING BY W. H. OVEREND.